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# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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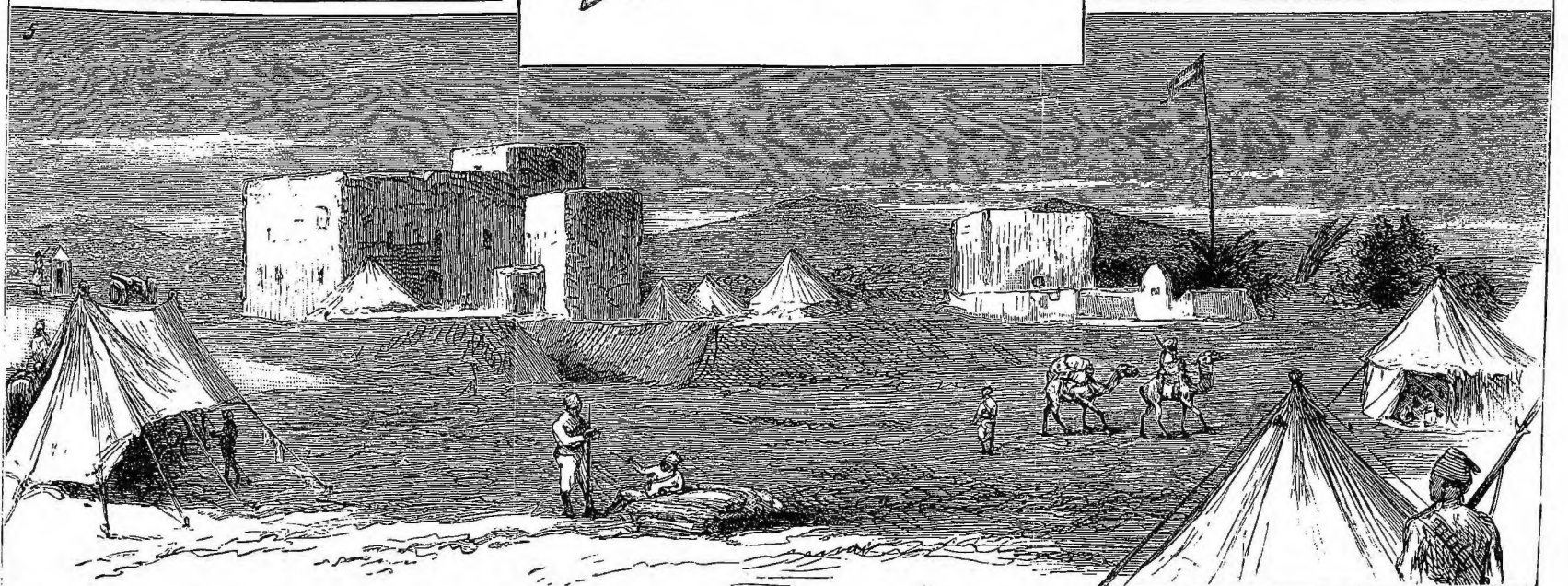
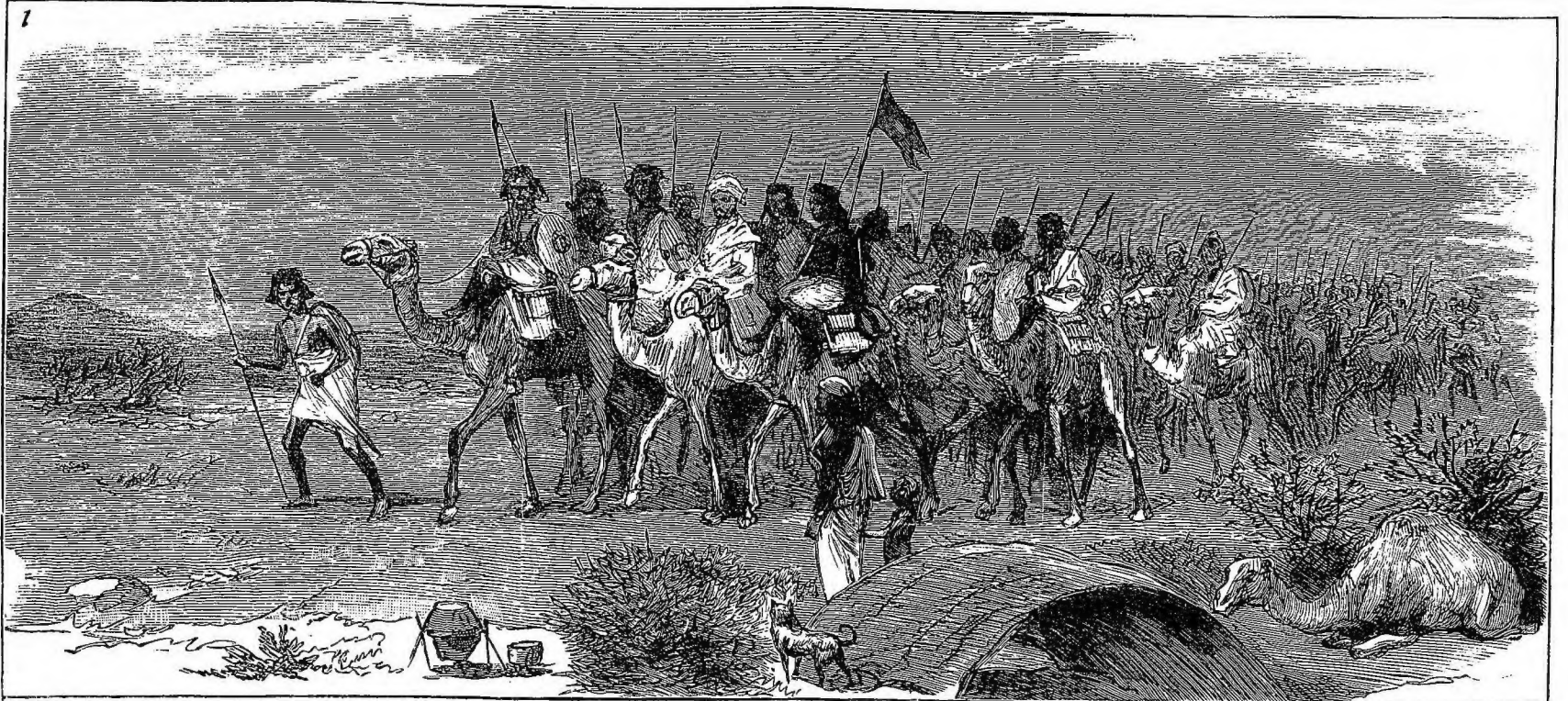
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 742.—VOL. XXIX.  
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [ PRICE NINEPENCE  
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1: Sheik Halifa with Eighty of His Followers Coming from the Mountains to Submit to the Sheik El-Morgani.—2. Sheik Halifa.—3. "The Giant of Dongola and the Dwarf of Stamboul."—4. Sheik Moussa.—5. Head-Quarters of General Sartorius Outside Suakim.

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN  
FROM SKETCHES BY AN EGYPTIAN OFFICIAL AT SUAKIM



## Topics of the Week

**MR. GLADSTONE'S DEFENCE.**—In his speech on Tuesday evening Mr. Gladstone presented a striking contrast to Sir Stafford Northcote, who, with a strong case against the Government, failed to make a deep impression even on his own followers. The Prime Minister spoke with vigour and animation; and, if mere eloquence could have saved his Government from reproach, he would have been justified in claiming a complete victory. Unfortunately for him, there are certain hard facts which cannot be disposed of by any amount of oratory, and it is in these facts alone that the country is profoundly interested. Mr. Gladstone laboured to prove that his policy in Egypt has been thoroughly consistent; but, even if he had succeeded in demonstrating this, he would only have been at the beginning of his real task. He would still have had to show that his policy has been a wise one, and that it has been followed by beneficial results. This question is decided by plain men—most of whom have little time to devote to political discussion—not by reference to high-sounding theories, but by reference to events which are known to all the world. Tried by this test, Mr. Gladstone's policy has been almost universally condemned both in England and on the Continent. True, some useful reforms have been accomplished in Egypt; but they have been accomplished by the direct intervention of England, not by the action of those native authorities for whose "independence" Mr. Gladstone pleads with so much ardour. Exactly in proportion as England has abstained from acknowledging the responsibility she incurred after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt still suffers from anarchy which she herself is powerless to bring to an end. In the Soudan disaster has followed disaster; and Mr. Gladstone has not proved, nor can any one prove, that these calamities would have occurred if the conquerors of Arabi had from the beginning regulated their course by a definite principle. A force is being despatched for the relief of Tokar, but Tokar has no claims upon us that might not have been advanced on behalf of Sinkat. Moreover, if it was right to entrust General Gordon with an important mission two or three weeks ago, the Government must have been equally bound to entrust him or some other competent agent with the same mission at the time when Hicks Pasha was permitted to start on an utterly hopeless expedition. It is by such considerations as these that public opinion has been swayed, and Mr. Gladstone's speech, brilliant as it was, did nothing to deprive them of their force.

**PUBLIC FEELING CONCERNING THE MINISTERIAL POLICY IN EGYPT.**—While the House of Commons are deliberating it may be profitable to inquire what the outside public thinks. This many-headed personage is, after all, the ultimate arbiter, and he is far less likely to be guided by partisan motives than are his Parliamentary representatives. Lord Palmerston would have asked, What does the typical citizen, the man on the Peckham omnibus, think? Well, it may be taken for granted that men of the Peckham omnibus type and upwards in the social circle, that is to say, men who are fairly well educated, and who do not belong to the weekly-wage classes, do, as a rule, detest the policy which Mr. Gladstone has pursued in countries beyond the seas. Ireland, Afghanistan, Transvaal, Egypt—the mere conjunction of these four names conjures up in the average middle-class man's mind such a picture of vacillation and mismanagement, and such a cynical disregard for the honour of England, that he longs to hurl the chief author of these iniquities from power. Then, why on earth does he not do so? Lord Palmerston might ask. The answer is that the Peckham omnibus man is no longer electorally irresistible. Since 1867 a new power has come to the front, that of the wage-earning classes; and Mr. Gladstone, who possesses the instinctive cunning of a genuine demagogue, well knows that if he can secure the goodwill of these electors he can snap his fingers at their so-called "betters." Now, what do these men think about the Soudan? It would be the height of folly to offer a dogmatic opinion in such a matter, but it may safely be asserted that they do not feel that contempt and disgust for Mr. Gladstone which is honestly felt by thousands of the middle and upper classes. This difference of opinion may be accounted for thus. The working men have an immense belief in Mr. Gladstone on account of his legislative reforms at home, and they also feel assured that he will achieve still more important reforms if he can only get the chance. About foreign and colonial politics, concerning which the middle and upper classes are fairly well-informed, the weekly-wage earners are ignorant and uninterested; so they are quite willing to leave them to their champion's management. There is nothing new in this phenomenon. It simply illustrates the truth of the maxim, that aristocracies manage dependencies better than democracies. The point, however, to which it is here chiefly sought to draw attention is, that the indignation felt by many of us at the Egyptian policy of our Ministry may nevertheless, in case of a General Election, make itself only faintly visible in the constituencies.

**MR. CHENERY.**—The papers have done no more than justice to the late Editor of the *Times* in their praise of his scholarship and many loveable qualities. But journalists

who worked under him know also that in the labour of editorship he could hardly be excelled. Old schoolfellows who were with him at Eton say that even as a boy he had an extraordinary power of assimilation. He retained this to the end, and from day to day would master all subjects of public interest as they occurred in a way that astonished the writers to whom he gave his instructions. He delegated very little of his work to sub-editors: he read through the proofs of every leader, letter, large-type article, and telegram that appeared in the *Times*; and the leaders were almost always written on lines which he suggested in a few pithy sentences. He seldom left a writer to work out his article all alone, but generally went the round of the rooms at the office two or three times in an evening to carry scraps of fresh news, or to furnish any new arguments which had occurred to his ever active mind. He had to conduct the *Times* under circumstances more difficult than those which beset Mr. Delane during the greater part of the latter's career, for of late the *Times* has published more than six columns of telegrams daily, and many of these arriving at a late hour often oblige the Editor to alter the whole plan of his night's work after that work has commenced. Any emergency of this description Mr. Chenery always met with uncomplaining promptness and sagacity. He never fretted nor fumed; and he had a most placid temper. It is a subject of very sorrowful reflection to those who loved and admired him that he might have lived for many years more if he had spared himself in these last times. He forced himself to work the week before last, when it was obvious to all about him that he needed rest, and the indomitable pluck he showed, not only in working but in concealing his pains of body, was in keeping with his character—one that was thoroughly conscientious, and unselfish.

**A RETICENT POLITICAL PARTY.**—It is remarkable that, although the Government is at the present moment anything but popular, the Opposition does not seem to be capable of strengthening its hold over the country. Multitudes of Liberals are deeply discontented—some because the Ministry has not interfered enough in the affairs of Egypt; others because it has interfered too much. Yet if an appeal were made to the constituencies, it is improbable that many Liberals would vote for Conservative candidates, or even abstain from voting. The explanation is that the Conservatives still continue to limit themselves almost wholly to criticism. In the debate on the Vote of Censure, Lord Salisbury was much more effective than Sir Stafford Northcote; but even Lord Salisbury, as Lord Granville justly complained, gave no precise indication of what he would have done if he had been in power, or of what he would do if his party now formed a majority of the House of Commons. It is not only with regard to Egypt and the Soudan that this negative position is maintained. In dealing with all the great questions which agitate the nation the Conservatives manifest the same weakness. Nobody knows whether, if they were in office, they would introduce a Suffrage Bill and a Redistribution Bill; nor can it be said with certainty on what principles they would proceed if they did decide to propose such measures. They are equally indisposed to set forth their ideas about local government in counties, and about the reform of the London Municipality. We have been told what they do not wish in the settlement of these questions; what they do wish they carefully conceal. It would be strange if the leaders of so reticent a party excited enthusiasm even at a time when their rivals are admitted to be in very serious trouble.

**THE RAILWAY COMMISSION BILL.**—Railways, from their very nature, cannot avoid being monopolies, and therefore the tolls which they levy become the legitimate subject of State interference. The difficulty is to decide how far such interference ought to go with what are essentially private enterprises. The duty of making these investigations rests with the Railway Commission, which is about to be remodelled, according to a promise made in the Queen's Speech. Mr. Chamberlain's excellent management of the Bankruptcy Bill last year makes us feel sanguine that he will be equally successful with this, which is a far less hopeless subject. It is a thankless and most troublesome task to legislate satisfactorily for rogues and imbeciles, to one or both of which categories a good many bankrupts belong. But in the case of the railways, the aim is chiefly to find a reasonable *modus vivendi* between merchants and carriers. The subject is certainly one of great complexity, as there are innumerable kinds of goods to be carried, and as the circumstances of one railway differ from those of another. On the whole, we think that, consistent with reasonable protection of the public, the railways should as much as possible be allowed to make their own bargains with their customers; and, at all events, Mr. Chamberlain has acted wisely in inviting the aid of a representative committee of railway experts. We will here quote only a single instance to show the difficulty of arranging railway tolls in accordance with abstract principles of justice. Farmers often complain that the railways charge more to carry their corn to the next county town than they do to take American wheat from Liverpool to London. But in such a case the companies have to bear in mind the competition by water; for if they raised the rates on American produce, it would be shipped direct to London, and they would lose their freight altogether.

**VERBIAGE.**—Although, according to Sir Erskine May our Parliaments change little, notwithstanding Reform Bills, it is evident that Members of the House of Commons in these days are more patient and have less sense of humour than their predecessors. Else they would not stand the curiously unintelligible answers which are now given by certain Ministers in reply to plain questions. Mr. Gladstone is not the inventor of the system for winding up official statements in coils of colourless words. Sir Robert Peel was an adept in this art, but he practised it under disadvantages. Macaulay was so unkind as to say that every sentence of this statesman came out of his mouth like "a long jubbe well sucked," and it often happened that the House would break into noisy fits of merriment when Sir Robert stood up to favour them with his rhetorical confectionery. Mr. Gladstone's supporters grow very angry when rude Tories presume to laugh at what their chief says, and a depressing conviction seems to have made its way among the Opposition that the grand old gentleman's funny answers ought, as a rule, to be taken seriously, so that on the whole there is much less laughter in the House than we might expect. Granted, however, that Mr. Gladstone has acquired the privilege of long custom in talking vaguely as an oracle, it must remain a matter for concern that younger politicians should take pattern by him. For these manage their verbiage much less well. To give a boat in a race the benefit of one's "wash," to get clouds of dust kicked up in the eyes of a hindmost horse in a trotting match, are achievements which require some skill, and Mr. Gladstone possesses that skill thoroughly. His imitators do not, and their efforts to confuse their hearers by discharges of that "weak, washy flood" to which Byron compared Castlereagh's oratory, are merely grotesque, and should be resisted, like other absurd things, by persistent ridicule.

**LEARNING IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**—It is not often that a Prime Minister has an opportunity of appointing to bishoprics at the same time two such men as Dr. Stubbs and Dr. Ridding. Dr. Ridding may be expected to succeed admirably in the new See of Southwell, where he will need exactly those qualities which have made him an efficient head master of Winchester College. Of Dr. Stubbs's practical capacity the public knows little; but if high distinction as an historian gives a clergyman a title to preferment, he amply deserves the honour which has now been conferred upon him. We may safely say that there is no Church in Christendom in which a scholar like Dr. Stubbs has so good a chance of preferment as in the Church of England; and in these days, when Englishmen are permitted by stern critics to pride themselves on so few things, they may justly contemplate this fact with a certain mild satisfaction. It has often been remarked that the Scotch make fewer contributions to learning than might be expected from their energy in other directions; and one reason is that their national Church has no great prizes for persons who devote themselves to a life of study. Germany produces plenty of scholars without providing for them splendid ecclesiastical appointments; but she has a score of universities, at some one or other of which an important writer is sure to obtain a reward which will satisfy him. England encourages learning by means of her Church as well as by means of her Universities, and the results, as foreigners often admit, have been excellent. We may perhaps doubt whether an ecclesiastical body severed from all connection with the State would find as much room as the Church of England now does for men of great intellectual eminence.

**CETEWAYO.**—The marvels of the telegram and the telephone have, as it were, been transfused into the human race. The inhabitants of the globe are far more interdependent than they were fifty years ago. How little could Napoleon the Third have anticipated, on that fatal Fourth of September when his Empire crumbled into dust, that the chances of his son regaining the lost inheritance rested chiefly on the behaviour of a savage chieftain in the wilds of Southern Africa. As for Cetewayo himself, whatever may have been his former cruelties and tyrannies, no generous mind can refrain from sympathising with his later adversities. He was an earthen pot which came into collision with an iron pot, and was smashed. But the iron pot also suffered damage. If Sir Bartle Frere had been wise, he would have let Cetewayo severely alone. "The man-slaying machine," as his army was styled, was an excellent corrective to the ever-encroaching Boers. Our Government meant well when, after his imprisonment and visit to England, they tried to restore Cetewayo. But he was like a shorn Samson. His *prestige* was gone. John Dunn and the other kinglets intrigued against him, and the result was bloodshed, disappointment, and an early death. It would have been better for Cetewayo, and for others also, if he had stayed on quietly in the Melbury Road, eating Mr. Whiteley's beefsteaks and drinking his "fizz."

**SHORT RECRUITS.**—The standard of height and chest measurement for Army recruits has again been lowered. As valour is not a question of inches, and as little men are proverbially more pugnacious and enduring than big ones, we need not pin our faith to the Iron Duke's aphorism that "No soldier below five foot eight was worth the cost of his red coat." At the same time, we should be glad to believe that the lowering of the standard for recruits was not rendered necessary by the decreasing quality of the young men



who now apply for enlistment. Politics having got mixed up in this matter, it is difficult to get at the truth. The advocates of short service have made up their minds to paint the condition of the Army as excellent, while supporters of the old system have nothing but grievances to urge. This irreconcilable antagonism of views is not reassuring to the British taxpayer, who does more for the comfort of his soldiers than the taxpayer of most other countries, and who cannot understand why good pay, abundant food, and well-ordered barracks, with canteens and recreation-rooms, should not attract the most stalwart youths of the agricultural and labouring classes into the Service. Question a recruiting sergeant, and he will tell you that the last squad of recruits whom he took up before the magistrate for attestation were a poor lot, who excited his worship's surprise. Speak to officers, and they will inform you that the regimental tailor has now to supply more and more padding to take the place of the flesh and muscle which used to make the long-service soldier's tunic fit handsomely on his chest. It is a comfort, however, that our soldiers, whatever be their size, continue to fight well; the decaying stamina which afflicts us has not yet been noticed by their enemies.

MR. BRADLAUGH.—Now that the Government have resolved to proceed against Mr. Bradlaugh for having voted in the House of Commons, we may expect that the Courts will soon decide whether a member can become legally qualified by administering the Oath to himself. Meanwhile Mr. Bradlaugh will probably be re-elected for Northampton; and then there may or may not, as Mr. Bradlaugh pleases, be a repetition of the scandalous "scenes" of last Monday evening. Mr. Gladstone has been bitterly reproached by the Opposition for the part he played in the discussion of the question; but it was impossible for him to take any other course than that which he actually adopted. He has always maintained that the House of Commons has no right to inquire in what sense the Oath is interpreted by a member; and that Mr. Bradlaugh ought not, therefore, to be prevented from going through the usual form. The whole responsibility for resisting Mr. Bradlaugh's claim is thus necessarily thrown upon those who hold a different view; and a heavy responsibility it is; for Sir Stafford Northcote, and all who support him in this matter, must see that the controversy has already done much to lower the dignity and to damage the moral authority of Parliament. The question will never be satisfactorily settled until the right of affirmation is conceded. Upholders of the existing system affect to be alarmed by the terrible consequences which might spring from the free admission of atheists into the House of Commons; yet they are perfectly aware that atheists have not been, and are not, excluded by the Oath. All that is gained by the present method is, that atheists of a less aggressive temper than Mr. Bradlaugh are forced to appeal to sanctions in the reality of which they do not profess to believe.

A QUIET STREET.—In the great arteries of traffic belonging to this mighty city the various sounds are so constant and continuous that they become fused into a single dull roar, which after a while affects the ear of the *habitué* no more than the thunder of the great American waterfall affects the ears of those who dwell on its banks. But all this is altered in what is called "a quiet street." The traffic is not great, but, as the roadway is usually paved with those delightful old-fashioned convex stones, when a cab does pass by (that is about every third minute) the clatter (if the windows are open) is simply deafening. It is in the summer time that the quiet street most belies its name. Punch and Judy and acrobats are comparatively noiseless amusements, such as even the late Mr. Babbage might have sanctioned; but what can be urged in defence of the quietude of the street on a balmy summer's day, when all the windows are open, and when there is a hurdy-gurdy, a piano-organ, a company of *pifferari*, a man in the garb of Old Gael with bagpipes, and a German band all in full cry at once. Then it is down the quiet street that there suddenly comes an invasion of three or four "costers," all bawling at once that mackerel are four a shilling. And it is down the quiet street that the vendor of fabricated news goes bellowing. We heard him the other evening roaring at the top of his voice, "Orrible murder of a servant-girl in Russell Square!" A nice thing for nervous women to hear just before going to bed, whether true or false. In this case it was utterly false. Surely a few sensible police regulations might be framed which, without unduly abridging personal liberty, would mitigate the nuisance of unnecessary noise.

SIXPENNY CAB-FARES.—The cabmen who threw out the proposal made by some members of their body to revive the sixpenny fare may soon find that they were mistaken. The authors of the proposal had the sense to see that cab-owners must do like people in other trades, and meet competition by lowering prices. They have probably heard that in America the general use of trams has driven cabs off the road. In New York a short cab-ride costs a dollar; but the cabman gets only two or three fares in a day, and sometimes none at all. Tram-lines are being extended in every direction all over the suburbs of London, and in a few years will no doubt be carried through the heart of the town; meanwhile metropolitan railways and omnibuses, large and small, have so multiplied that very few people think of using cabs for long

distances. It is not likely that there will be any change in this respect; but the cabman's receipts would certainly increase if he made it worth the while of people to hire him for short distances. One cabman remarked at the recent meeting that most persons pay at least sixpence above their fare; which, if true, shows that cabs are very little patronised by people in moderate circumstances. A whole stratum of new customers might therefore be reached if cabmen would go a mile for sixpence, and look pleasant on taking this fare. The "looking pleasant" is a very important matter, for one of the reasons that make parsimonious people prefer any kind of vehicle to the cab is the reflection that the railway ticket clerk, the bus and tram conductor, expect nothing more than their due. It is, indeed, a curious thing that the surcharges of cabmen should be treated by us all as quite natural, while we should indignantly resent any attempt on the part of a tram conductor to levy an extra penny.



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THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

THE first of our sketches, which have been forwarded to us by Mr. D. Mosconas, shows the Sheikh Halifa, of the tribe of Nouab, coming into Suakim in response to the summons of the Sheikh Morgani, who had been writing letters to the various tribal leaders with but indifferent success. The Sheikh Halifa was accompanied by eighty of his followers; but another chieftain, Sheikh Moussa, of the Shiayab tribes, was scarcely so well attended, being simply escorted by three of his relatives. He explained that his men, his wives, and his camels had been detained by Osman Digna, from whom he had barely escaped with his wife. Osman Digna is aided in his rebellion by sixteen other Sheikhs, and replied to Sheikh Morgani's summons by a decided negative.

"General Sartorius' Camp Outside Suakim" needs no explanation; but of the "Stamboul Dwarf and the Dongola Giant" we may say that this couple, who were sketched at Cairo, are somewhat typical of the existing political situation. The Stamboul Dwarf, Yussuf Bey, who is only three feet high, is a species of popular jester, and earns his living by playing the fool at various Pashas' houses. The Giant, whose height is some 8 feet 9 inches, and 9 feet 6 inches with his enormous turban, is a native of Lower Nubia. He is very stout, weighing 395 lbs., and possesses a fair appetite, consuming for breakfast a couple of fowls, 3 lbs. of meat and vegetables, together with 2 lbs. of bread. His name is Sheikh Mahomed-el-Dongolawe. When sketched he was holding a discussion with the Dwarf, much to the amusement of the lookers-on; and, as he talks in Turkish and the Dwarf in Arabic, the dialogue was amusingly confused.

MAP OF THE ROUTES TO SINKAT AND TOKAR AND CHART OF SUAKIM HARBOUR

THESE maps need little explanation. Suakim is the chief port of the Soudan, and the harbour is formed by a channel 500 yards wide, which penetrates between the mainland and two islands, on one of which the town is built. Though completely sheltered from all winds, it is too shallow to admit of the largest vessels. The two islands are situated in a lagoon, or bay, which is connected with the sea by a neck of water about three-quarters of a mile long, and just wide enough to admit of two ships passing. In this bay outside the islands there is water sufficiently deep for ocean-going steamers. The entrance to the harbour is difficult, and, as there are no lights, can only be approached in daylight, because there are dangerous coral reefs lying off the coast, north and south, for twenty miles. One of the maps shows the routes from Suakim to Sinkat and Tokar. The direct road to Tokar is forty-eight miles, but that adopted by Baker Pasha, and which will probably be followed by the forthcoming expedition, is to Trinkitat by sea, and thence by land, eighteen miles, to Tokar. It was on this road, seven miles from Trinkitat and eleven from Tokar, that the disastrous battle of Teb was fought on Monday week. Sinkat, which has now capitulated, is about two and a half days' march from Suakim on one of the roads to Berber. Suakim, we should mention, is two and a half days' steam from Suez.

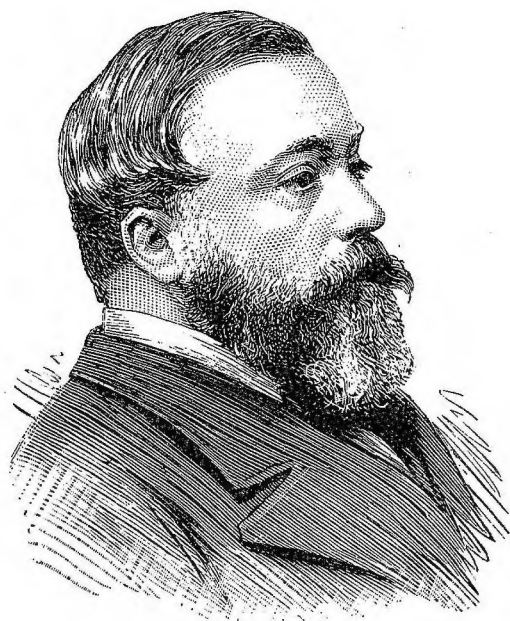
THE LATE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

MR. THOMAS CHENERY, who had been for some time in ailing health, and who, in spite of the remonstrances of his colleagues, stuck manfully, but imprudently, to his post almost to the very last, died somewhat suddenly at his chambers in Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, on the morning of the 11th inst. He was born in the Island of Barbadoes in 1826, and, after making several voyages between the West Indies and this country, was educated at Eton, and then at Caius College, Cambridge, where he gained a large acquaintance with Arabic, Hebrew, and other Oriental languages. He was then called to the Bar, and presently went as Special Correspondent of the *Times* to Constantinople, during the stormy diplomatic period (when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was our Ambassador there) which preceded the Crimean War. During that momentous struggle Mr. Chenery on more than one occasion went up to the front to relieve Dr. W. H. Russell. After the war he returned home, and thenceforward was regularly employed on the staff of the *Times* as a contributor of leading articles, reviews, and other original papers. His command of a powerful and impressive style, his wide general culture, and his extensive knowledge of European politics, rendered his services of peculiar value. In 1868 he was appointed to the Professorship of Arabic in Oxford, and attended to its duties with great zest, notwithstanding his journalistic occupations, until he resigned the post in 1877, when, on the retirement of Mr. Delane, he was appointed Editor-in-Chief of the *Times*. As contemporary annals show, these were six most eventful years, his burdens were heavy, and he did not spare himself. In society he was widely known and highly esteemed; while his unflinching consideration for all those with whom he was editorially brought into contact caused him to be affectionately regarded in Printing House Square. He died unmarried. The *Daily Telegraph* says of him:—"Grave and sedate in general company, and of a reserved manner, he had nevertheless a fund of bright wit and geniality for his more intimate associates, and he will be missed in many a quiet social circle."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

THE LATE CAPTAIN FREDERICK H. FORESTIER-WALKER,

WHO was killed in the battle near Tokar on the 4th inst., was the second son of Colonel G. E. L. Walker, now commanding the Royal Engineers at Hong Kong, and grandson of the late General Sir George Walker, Bart., G.C.B., a distinguished Peninsular





THOMAS CHENERY, EDITOR OF "THE TIMES"  
Born 1826. Died Feb. 11, 1884



SURGEON-MAJOR ARMAND LESLIE  
One of the British Officers Killed at the Battle of Teb,  
February 4, 1884



GENERAL GEORGE COLVILLE BORTHWICK  
Lately Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Forces  
in Eastern Roumelia



CAPTAIN FREDERICK H. FORESTIER WALKER  
Formerly Sub-Lieutenant in the East Kent Militia. Afterwards on  
the Staff of the Late Hicks Pasha. One of the British  
Officers Killed in the Battle of Teb, February 4, 1884



JAMES ANDERSON MORICE BEY  
Formerly Major in the R.M.L.I.  
For Some Years Inspector-General of the Coastguard in  
Alexandria, Lately Paymaster-General to the Khédive's  
Forces in the Soudan. Killed in the Battle of Teb,  
February 4, 1884

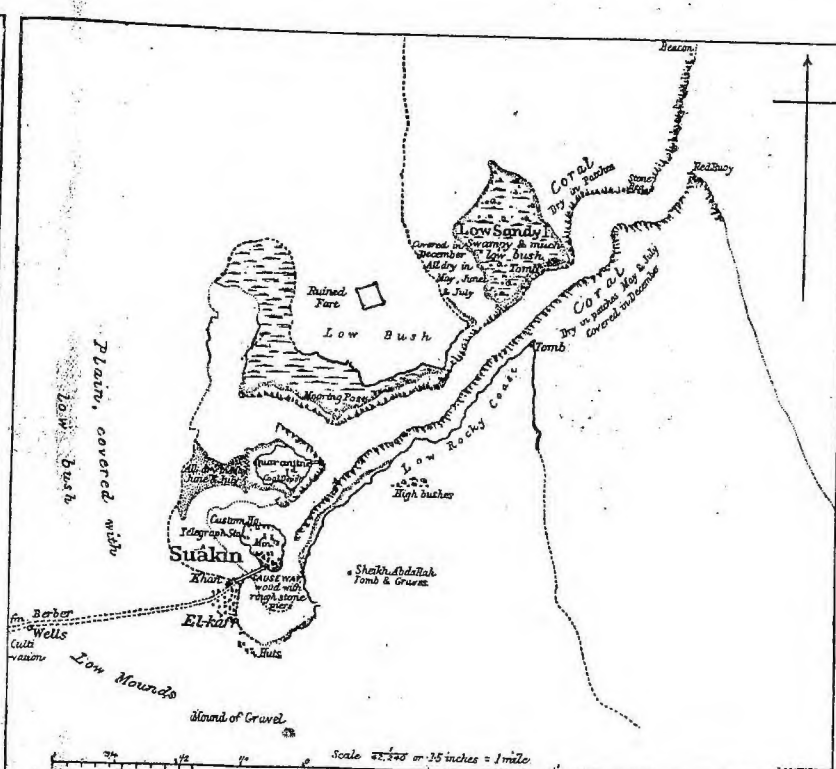


MAJOR G. D. GILES  
Commander of the Turkish Cavalry under Baker Pasha at  
the Battle of Teb, Feb. 4, 1884, and One of the  
Survivors of the Engagement



DUTCH TROOPS EMBARKING AT ROTTERDAM FOR SUMATRA





PLAN OF THE HARBOUR AND TOWN OF SUAKIM

"BEFORE daylight we are warned that it is time to be up and doing, if we are to see anything of the hunt which has been got up by a 'Transkei' trader, some eighteen miles from Ibeka, where we are stationed. After slight refreshments, in the shape of a 'Prairie Oyster' (a raw egg in vinegar) and coffee, without which no colonist begins work (Sketch No. 1), we mount and away. Each sportsman carries in saddle-bags his requirements for the day (No. 2). Partridges run across our path: to dismount, flush them, and transfer them to our saddle-bags (No. 3) causes little delay. At the traders' station we are joined by other colonists, and all make for the meet. Here an extraordinary scene awaits us. Some two or three hundred natives, many with red blankets wrapped round them. All carry some weapon—knobkerries, assegais, old flint muskets, with here and there a rifle.

"All are intent on the sport; for the bucks that are killed that day will be handed to them for meat, and meat is the greatest boon to the Kaffir. And now a move is made to the bush (No. 4). It lies in a deep hollow, with steep hills on either side. The country around is extremely rugged, and the bush, as it is called (for, in truth, it consists of trees, with dense undergrowth) is well-nigh impassable, except for a native. A fringe of natives (in many cases leading dogs) extends up the open on each side of the line of beaters—now lost to sight, although their yells and shouts plainly tell their whereabouts. A fearful outcry in the bush announces that game is afoot. The next moment a fine buck breaks cover, and instantly there is a storm of yells, yapping of dogs, and general confusion, while knobkerries and assegais darken the air. The buck escapes, however, until brought down cleverly by one of our party. It is when a buck breaks through the line of beaters who are

outside the bush that the cour-sing commences; Some of the dogs used are justly famous, for it is no mean task to pull down a bush buck, as he heads like lightning up a hillside covered with boulders (No. 8), which looks as steep as the side of a house, and which hardly belies its looks. One dog (shown in No. 7) has pulled down any number, and would not, I think, cut a mean figure even on the Wiltshire Downs.

"Our bag on this occasion amounted to fifteen deer of sorts, several of which are shown in No. 5, with a native beater in his primitive costume. Of the remaining sketches, No. 6 deals with the dusky wives of the beaters who are preparing the mid-day meal (boiled mealies) for their jaded spouses, and soothing themselves with the everlasting pipe. No. 9 gives two or three heads of our party, including the promoter of the hunt."—Our sketches and the foregoing description is furnished by Captain E. Giles, R.A.



## BUCK HUNTING AT THE CAPE



officer. He was born March 10, 1862, and was educated at Bute House, Petersham, and by the Rev. J. Pritchard, Wargrave. He entered the East Kent Militia as a sub-lieutenant June 18, 1881, and, resigning his commission in November, 1882, he proceeded to Egypt, and was appointed a captain on Hicks Pasha's staff. He served under this general in his first expedition, but, being invalided home, he returned to Egypt just too late to share in the disastrous defeat at Kashgil. He was then appointed to Baker Pasha's staff, and on the fatal 4th he commanded the Artillery. A correspondent describes how "Walker, although wounded, returned to the rear, and for a quarter of an hour protected the flying Egyptians with his revolver." He was not seen again.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

#### SURGEON-MAJOR ARMAND LESLIE

SERVED in Serbia for a short time, where he was attached to the Turkish forces, and became Chief Surgeon of the Red Cross Society headed by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay. Mr. Leslie was taken prisoner by the Russians during the Russo-Turkish War, was one of the first to volunteer for cholera service in Egypt, and was eventually attached to Baker Pasha's forces in the Soudan. For his Turkish services during the Servian War he received the Medjidie of the fourth class and medal, and for services rendered during the Russo-Turkish campaign was distinguished by the Osmanieh of the third class. We nearly lost our lives together in a Turkish Khan in Itchman, Roumelia, where we were almost suffocated with half-burnt charcoal that had been placed in our room while we were asleep. Owing to a slit in the panel of the door we were saved, but it took us many hours to come round again.

He was a clever surgeon, a brave man, and good companion. I have spent many weeks travelling and campaigning with him, and can but feel that, though always a restless spirit, it's a life sadly wasted in such a miserable affair as the late defeat of Baker Pasha.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

#### GENERAL GEORGE COLVILLE BORTHWICK,

WHO has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in Eastern Roumelia, is the youngest son of the late Mr. Peter Borthwick, M.P. for Evesham, and is the brother of Sir Algernon Borthwick. He entered the Turkish army in 1862, and was promoted for his services in the Cretan war. He visited in his military capacity Syria, Armenia, and other provinces of the Ottoman Empire, and took part in the great war against the Russian aggression in 1877. For these services he bears the war medals and also the Medjidie decoration. He was appointed Military Attaché to the Commission which settled the Eastern Roumelian Constitution, and subsequently Commander of the Gendarmerie of that important province. Upon the resignation of General Strecker General Borthwick has now succeeded to the command in chief of the forces of Eastern Roumelia.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

#### JAMES ANDERSON MORICE BEY

THIS unfortunate officer, who was killed in the disastrous defeat of Baker Pasha's force at Teh, was the fourth son of the late Commander George Farquhar Morice, R.N. He entered the Royal Marine Infantry in 1853, and retired with the rank of Major. He subsequently went to Egypt, where he was appointed Inspector-General of the Coastguard in Alexandria. During the Egyptian campaign he rendered considerable service, being attached to General Wolseley's Staff as the Khédive's aide-de-camp. He reconnoitred the ground before Tel-el-Kebir, and altogether performed much valuable service, being universally esteemed as a popular and energetic officer. He volunteered to act as paymaster to Baker Pasha's forces. His brother is Morice Pasha, an officer of considerable ability in the Egyptian navy.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lohse, Alexandria.

#### MAJOR G. D. GILES,

OF the 1st Sind Horse, joined the Indian Staff Corps, Bombay, in 1876, and served in the 19th Native Infantry and his present Regiment (in which he holds the rank of Lieutenant), through both campaigns of the last Afghan War, chiefly on the Khelat and Candahar frontiers.

Returning to England after the war, on furlough for a year, he was permitted by the Indian Government, at the expiration of his leave, to join, with the rank of Major, the Reserve Cavalry, then being raised by Baker Pasha for Gendarmerie service in Egypt.

On the destruction of Hicks Pasha's force, he with the Gendarmerie was sent to Suakim, where he has since been serving in command of the Turkish Cavalry, with whom he was present at the defeat of Baker Pasha on Monday week.

Major Giles, we may add, is an accomplished artist, and is a constant contributor to this journal. Indeed, though we have long been in the habit of receiving most admirable sketches from both Army and Naval officers, none have been more faithful or more characteristic than those which he has forwarded to us.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Dickinson, 114, New Bond Street, W.

#### DUTCH SOLDIERS EMBARKING AT ROTTERDAM FOR SUMATRA

FOR many years the Dutch have been waging war with the Atchinese tribes in Sumatra, but, despite constant petty victories, have never been able to subdue them. Indeed, the King of Holland, in opening Parliament last September, acknowledged that serious efforts were still required to effect the complete pacification of the country. His words were soon verified, as at the beginning of November a British vessel was wrecked on the west coast, and the crew kidnapped by the Rajah of Tendrom, who demanded a ransom of 63,000*l*. The poor fellows, according to the account of the captain, who, with the second engineer, was allowed to go on board a Dutch man-of-war, on a special ransom, were being treated like dogs. The Dutch despatched an expedition against the Rajah, and bombarded various villages, reducing his capital, Simpang Olim, to ashes. They did not, however, succeed in rescuing the prisoners, who were carried off into the interior. Our sketch represents the departure of Dutch reinforcements from Rotterdam.

#### BUCK HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA

(See page 149)

#### EMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT PORTSMOUTH

EVENTS in the Soudan are naturally causing a good deal of activity at our naval and military stations. It has been officially stated that the battalion of Marines was simply going out to Malta to supply the vacancies in the fleet caused by the despatch of troops to Suakim; but the popular impression last Saturday at Portsmouth was that they were being really and truly detailed for service in the Soudan. The parading of the Marines at their respective barracks, and their subsequent march to the place of embarkation, were attended with considerable popular enthusiasm, in spite of the bad weather. There was a detachment from Forton Barracks, a detachment of Marine Light Infantry from Chatham, and a detachment of Marine Artillery. They were played by the bands of the corps and of the Hampshire Regiment to the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, whence they were conveyed on board the *Poonah* by tugs. The *Poonah* sailed at once for Plymouth, where she embarked another detachment of Marines, and then left direct for Malta.—Our sketches explain themselves.

#### THE TAKHT-I-SULEIMAN SURVEYING EXPEDITION

—II.

LAST week we gave a brief account of this interesting expedition, and now give some further illustrations from sketches by Captain Oswald Claude Radford, 4th Punjab Infantry, and Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General under General Kennedy, who commanded the Expedition. The "Sari Rock" is in the Zao Pass. At one place in this defile, about three miles from the mouth, the stream is blocked by a huge rock, on each side of which the water falls from a height of thirty feet. Before reaching this obstruction, however, it was manifest that some species of road would have to be made so as to make the passage practicable for laden animals. Beyond also there were many dangerous places for horses. A working party of 400 men were accordingly put into the pass, and speedily improved matters. At the Sari Rock itself the water was confined to one side, and on the other a ramp of grass, stones, and earth was made, but the space between the Rock and the face of the cliff was only just enough for a horse to pass comfortably. Later in the day a piece was blasted out of the rock to make room for the camels. Captain Radford writes that "A Block" represents a detachment of some 200 camels trying to squeeze through two enormous rocks in the Zao Pass, about 6½ ft. apart, with deepish water running between. The road, or rather the stream, had to be filled up, partly with boulders and stones and dirt, to give the wretched camels foothold, and then each animal with its load had to be forced through, as none of them could pass without assistance. The next delay is represented in "Above the Sari Rock," where, as we have described, a make-shift road had been made, through which some camels were forced. Others were frightened, and declined to face the passage, and so were unloaded, and their packs carried through by the men. After passing through the defile, Captain Radford writes that the advanced guard started for Misri Katch, which is on the western slope of the Suleiman-Takht, and lies at the head of a very difficult pass, called the Gât. It is nothing less than a cleft through the mountain at right angles to the strike of the strata. It is practicable for bullocks. The bed of the Draband stream forms the road, the sides of which are precipices sheer from the foot to the top of the Gât. The height is about 3000 ft.

The two remaining sketches refer to the assault of the Pazai Kotal, which we described last week. It had not been expected that the Shiranis would have offered any opposition to the expedition, but on arriving at Pazai it was found that the Kidazais—a smaller section of the tribe—had determined to oppose all further progress. They therefore took up a strong position on the Kotal, over which the surveying party had to pass to reach the summit of Takht-i-Suleiman. On November 26th, accordingly, two detachments of 500 each, under Colonel M'Lean and Colonel Rice respectively, left camp to dislodge the enemy. Colonel Rice started first, in order to take them in the flank, while Colonel M'Lean attacked them in front. Jamal Khan, the chief of the Kidazais, with his followers, had entrenched themselves on a narrow rugged ridge of precipitous jagged crags leading to the Pazai Katal, on the southern slopes of the northern summit, about 8,000 ft. high. The road thither is only a track over the slippery, stair-like rocks made by pilgrims and travellers. Our troops therefore had to advance in single file, and came under the fire of the enemy's matchlocks. A lucky shot killed Jamal Khan, and his followers fled, and took refuge in a breastwork built on a crag, close under the Kotal. While the little force under Captain Daniell were preparing to storm the position, Colonel Rice's flank movement began to tell upon the enemy, and in a short time our troops were masters of the situation, and the enemy in full flight under the fire of Colonel Rice's men. Next day the surveying party made a successful ascent of the Takht-i-Suleiman, of which one of our sketches depicts the southern summit.

#### "IN A CONTINENTAL ART-SCHOOL"

BEFORE entering the regular classes, all new students are required to make a drawing, just to show what they can do. This is executed in the Test Room. In summer the classes begin at six o'clock. If the students do not appear, they are precluded from the privilege of attending the classes for the rest of that day. This rule causes nearly every one to come up to time even at that early hour.

Work, however, is not very brisk until the arrival of the Professor. While the models are resting the students play. A "freshman" is always looked upon as a fit subject for practical jokes. On Monday mornings models of every type present themselves in the hope of being chosen for the week's sitting.

#### "PUCK ON PEGASUS" AT SANGER'S CIRCUS

AFTER the usual feats of horsemanship and performances of acrobats and clown, an entertainment takes place (to finish up with just before the pantomime), which draws roars of laughter from the spectators, young and old.

A gibbet-like affair is set up in the middle of the circus, and the renowned Sandy, the clown, then asks for volunteers from amongst the pit to receive a lesson in riding.

They are to become, so he assures them, accomplished circus riders in five minutes.

Three or four spring up with alacrity. One is selected, a leather girdle passed round his waist, with a rope attached, which runs over two pulleys, and is held by two or three men at the other end.

He mounts the horse, which is girthed with the flat saddle; he tries to stand, but, in spite of the exhortations of the clown "to stand up," he slides off, and his fall is rather helped by Mr. Roland, who holds a cord, also tied to the belt, by which he can pull the would-be "Puck on Pegasus" where he likes. Three grooms turn the gibbet round in its socket to keep pace with the horse. And round goes Pegasus, while Puck, as if winged, performs marvellous gyrations over and about the saddle, to the delight of every one. The last of the volunteers (if volunteers they be, but no matter), after soaring, hovering, and stooping, perches on the head of the patient horse, and then, by a marvellous freak of fortune, settles finally on the tail.

No doubt circus riders are taught by some such arrangement; but whether Puck was any the better or no, it is certain the audience were all the better for their laugh.

#### THE LOWDER MEMORIAL CLERGY-HOUSE

A SOLEMN service was celebrated at St. Peter's, London Docks, on Saturday, February 9th, the occasion being the benediction of the new Clergy House attached to the church, and erected as a memorial to the late Father Lowder, who was a diligent worker in the district. The ceremony was altogether in the extreme Ritualistic style; the Holy Communion was administered by the Rev. A. H. Mackonochy, and the sermon preached by the Rev. Sidney F. Green, of Miles Platting. When the service was over, a large number of the congregation sat down to a luncheon in the Broad Street School. Lord Nelson, who took the chair, congratulated his hearers on the completion of the Lowder Memorial Clergy House. In the afternoon there was a solemn benediction in the new House, the clergy preceded by acolytes bearing a cross, candles, thurible, and navicula, singing verses of an ancient hymn, and passing through every room, offering prayers appropriate to the purposes of each apartment. They then returned to the church, where the *Te Deum* was sung, and the Bishop of Argyll pronounced the blessing.

The style chosen for the Clergy House is a plain Gothic. The Vicar's, or parish room, is on one side of the archway, and the refectory is situated on the other. There is to be a memorial cross in the courtyard. The clergy are accommodated on the first and second floors, and the servants on the top floor. Everything has been made as plain and substantial as possible. The joinery fittings throughout are stained in cheerful reds and greens, and varnished to secure a bright and homely effect, in order to make the house an attractive centre in such an unlovely neighbourhood. The late Mr. Bowes A. Paice (who died last year) and Mr. Maurice B. Adams are the architects.

#### BRITISH OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL AT JERUSALEM

THE British Consul at Jerusalem reports that affections of the eye are very prevalent in Palestine. Half the people in Gaza, he says, suffer in one form or another from that class of disease. The Prince of Wales interested himself in the matter, with the result that the Sultan gave orders that a proper site should be presented to the Order of St. John (English Langue) at Jerusalem, so that that body might provide a special hospital for ophthalmia. Sir Edmund Lechmere, M.P., Secretary-General to the Order, during a recent visit to Jerusalem, found an eligible plot of ground, six acres in extent, on which stood a substantial two-storied house, which, with some repairs and alterations, could be converted into a hospital, and by the aid of the worthy Governor of Jerusalem, Rauf Pasha, this piece of ground was secured.

Up to the present time the total admissions to the Hospital, which is under the charge of Dr. Waddell, the medical officer sent out by the Order in December, 1882, have been 2,546; while the total attendance for advice and medicine has been 11,343; 1,700 persons have been cured; and the daily number of patients varies from 20 to 150.

The Order of St. John (already well known for its ambulance and other philanthropic works) is entirely unsectarian. No proselytism is attempted, and therefore the Hospital is resorted to by the poor of all creeds and nationalities. The Hospital, whose work, we may observe, is highly approved by the Prince of Wales, is supported by the voluntary efforts of the members of the English Branch of the Order of St. John and their friends, who have thus acquired a new, and, it is to be hoped, a permanent interest in the birthplace of the Order.

#### ANOTHER WHITE ELEPHANT

SAYS Mr. H. Pilleau, of 74, Elm Park Road, S.W., "In 1859 I was stationed at Umballah (North-West Provinces of India), and while there, at the request of the British Resident, made a careful water-colour sketch (which has never been touched since it was taken) of a very fine elephant belonging to the Rajah of Puttiala. On visiting the Zoo the other day I was immediately struck by the exact resemblance in all particulars between the elephant of Messrs. Barnum and Co., now being exhibited there, and the one I had drawn. The pink trunk and ears and the five white toes are all identically the same. I was told at the time I painted it that these marks were proofs of its being a high-bred animal." The elephant shown in the background was of the ordinary colour.

#### "FACES IN THE FIRE"

THIS picture recalls a Scotch song entitled "Castles in the Air," which was very popular some twenty years ago. It began, if we recollect rightly:—

The bonnie, bonnie bairn wha sits blinking in the ase,  
Glow'ring in the fire wi' his wee round face, &c.

Which of us has not indulged in this amusement, especially in those delightful innocent days of childhood, when intense enjoyment of the present moment was unalloyed by anxieties for the future? There we sat by the side, maybe, of a beloved elder sister, and, aided by her promptings and the vivid imagination of early youth, saw most wonderful sights in the glowing coals. Not faces merely, but figures and shapes of all kinds, a perpetually shifting kaleidoscope of form, though not of colour. The experiment is worth trying again in later life, even though we cannot reproduce the self-absorption which in childhood makes such sights seem so real and vivid.

#### "A TALE OF EDGEHILL"

A SURVIVOR of this noted contest is here telling his battles o'er again in a guard-room. He had plenty of material whence to draw an enthralling story, for Edgehill, simply regarded as a military encounter, was, from its varying fortunes, very interesting. Like most of the battles at the beginning of a civil war, it was both bloody and indecisive. Five thousand men are said to have been found dead upon the field, yet neither party could claim a victory. The battle took place on October 23rd, 1642. At first, the impetuosity of Prince Rupert's charge put the Parliamentarians to flight, but Sir William Balfour, perceiving that the King's Infantry had no cavalry to protect them, bore down upon them, and made great havoc among them. In such a fray as this, personal encounters must have been the rule rather than the exception, and, therefore, the survivors must have had many a stirring tale to tell.

#### "DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 161.

#### AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF CRETE

THE island of Candia, or Crete, is exceedingly mountainous, being traversed throughout its whole length by a lofty range, while other ranges are dispersed in different directions. The inhabitants are mainly Christians, and heartily detest Mahomedan domination. In 1866 they raised the standard of revolt, and declared their union with Greece. After many months' hard fighting, however, the Powers interfered, and they were induced to submit by promises of reform. Since that time, however, there have been constant risings, and an insurrection is now announced to have broken out once more on account of the non-fulfilment of the Turkish promises. Our sketches illustrate a five days' trip to the mountains by some naval officers. In No. 1 we see them start, and No. 2 shows their method of crossing a river. No. 3 depicts a highly primitive agricultural implement, while No. 4 represents a ravine, in which 600 Turkish soldiers and 250 mules were snowed up and perished during the insurrection in 1866. No. 5 explains itself, while No. 6 shows a worthy ecclesiastic "whom," the artist writes, "we met at a village, and who took a fancy to our party, and came with us for three days. He made a capital guide, and paved the way to many kindnesses from the native chiefs, besides showing us what sport there was, and affording us much when he had imbibed several glasses of grog during his visit to our tent after dinner. With his long hair and beard, which he is not allowed to trim, his left-handed shooting with an old musket loaded with ball at partridges, he cut a very comical figure." Next we have the officers astonishing the natives with a little conjuring by turning an egg into a full-grown cock. No. 8 accounts for the mysterious disappearance of a brace of partridges. The two following sketches are self-explanatory, but in No. 11 our travellers are punishing one of their mule boys. The other behind the tree is apparently thinking the affair a great joke, not being aware that his turn will come next—in order to prevent jealousy. Next we have a gallant officer imbibing mountain dew to avert the bad consequences of mountain mist. No. 13 shows the affectionate leave-taking at the close of the trip; while the two final sketches depict the return home.





THE EDITION OF HER MAJESTY'S NEW WORK, published this week, consisted of 10,000 copies.

THE REMOVAL OF THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON to Aldershot was first suggested by the Prince of Wales.

CONSERVATIVE MEETINGS have been held throughout the country to protest against the past Egyptian policy of the Government; and at a dinner, given by the St. Stephen's Club on Wednesday to the Leaders of the Opposition, they urged the necessity for such demonstrations. The occasion was the unveiling of a bust of Lord Beaconsfield in the reading-room of the club; and in the course of his speech Lord Salisbury, referring to the charge that the Conservative Leaders did not promulgate a policy in Egypt, quoted Lord Beaconsfield's opinion, that it is absurd for an Opposition, without the complete information possessed only by a Government, to attempt to lay down a policy. Lord Salisbury contrasted the freedom of speech enjoyed in the House of Peers with its repression in the House of Commons by party discipline and the fear of consequences; but he predicted ultimately the Liberal party would be broken up by the question of property, to which Mr. Chamberlain had given such prominence, and by the Quaker doctrines which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Derby represented in the Cabinet. Lord Salisbury was followed by Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Cranbrook, who remarked that the Conservative party was far outnumbered by Conservative people; and that the great object of the party is to bring within its ranks the Conservative people. Mr. Gibson, M.P., also spoke.

TOUCHING ON THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION in a speech at Bridgewater, the Attorney-General said that it would be weakness in the Ministry to depart, for the sake of popularity, from the principles which ought to govern them. Humanity had its claims; but one of them was that English lives should not be sacrificed without an adequate return. In a letter to a contemporary, suggested by the defeat of Baker Pasha, Professor Tyndall has denounced the Egyptian policy of the Government. For more than three years, he says, they have been leading their country from disaster to disaster, and this latest shame and scandal, he adds, which their cowardice has inflicted on us, brings us by no means to the end of things.

A REPORT being circulated that the magnificent picture gallery at Blenheim is to share the fate of the Sunderland Library, and to be brought into the market, it is suggested that the Duke of Marlborough should make a first offer of his collection, in the whole or in part, to the Government, for acquisition by the nation.

A GENERAL ORDER has been issued from the Horse Guards, allowing, except in the case of the Engineers and Artillery, the special enlistment of recruits between the ages of eighteen and nineteen, and, when they are under twenty, lowering the present minimum both of chest measurement and weight.

WITH THE CLOSE OF LAST WEEK the City Guilds had subscribed nearly 4,500*l.* towards the expenses of the International Health Exhibition.

AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD a somewhat strenuous opposition to the proposed rate of nearly 8½*d.* in the pound was unsuccessful. The expenditure making it necessary was approved of by a majority of 21 to 11.

SEVERAL LONDON WATER COMPANIES are, when summoned, assenting to applications to base their charges on the rateable, instead of the gross annual, value of the premises occupied by their customers.

SATISFACTORY PROGRESS is being made with the operations for the enlargement of the area of the Regent's Park accessible to the public. On the day when the formerly-enclosed space is thrown open a public celebration of the event is contemplated by the Local Committee, to whose exertions mainly it will have been due.

ALONG WITH AN ANNOUNCEMENT that Lord Spencer has been able to make a second appearance in the hunting field comes that of a declaration, signed by forty farmers in the district of Inniscarra, that they will not allow fox-hunting on their holdings, and that to prevent it they are prepared to poison their lands. By a large majority the Limerick Town Council have rejected the presentment made to it for a sum of 400*l.* in payment of the maintenance of the extra police employed in the town during the land agitation. On Monday night a farmer named Curtis was found dead on the highway at New Ross, with his throat cut and stabs in his body. The murder is supposed to have had an agrarian origin. In an article headed "Speed the Mahdi," and written after the news of Baker Pasha's defeat, the chief organ of the Irish Nationalists expresses its delight at the disaster, and its hope that a similar catastrophe will befall General Gordon.

TO THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK (besides Mr. Chenery, mentioned in "Our Illustrations") belongs the death of the Earl of Abingdon, who had been for many years an invalid, at the age of 64; of Dr. J. H. Balfour, Emeritus Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, at the age of 76, and a few days after the appointment of his son to the Chair of Botany at Oxford; of Mr. W. T. Keep, formerly a lieutenant of the 28th Foot, who served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War, at the advanced age of 92; and of Mr. Frank Ives Scudamore, aged 61, at Constantinople. Mr. Scudamore was for fifteen years Second Secretary of the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. In this capacity he took an active part in the arrangements connected with the transfer of the telegraphs to the Government, and was rewarded by being made a C.B. Nine years ago, on retiring from the General Post Office, he went to Constantinople, charged by the Turkish Government with the reorganisation of its postal system, and was appointed Superintendent of the Turkish Post Office. Both before and after leaving England he was a frequent contributor of prose and verse, in the lighter departments of literature, to the newspaper and periodical press.

THE ANNUAL FANCY COSTUME BALL in aid of the funds of the Bellingbroke House Pay Hospital, Wandsworth Common, takes place at the Albert Hall next Wednesday. Though early in the season, the ball will probably be a brilliant one. Applications for tickets must be addressed to the Hon. Secs., Messrs. J. S. Wood and T. Simpson. On former occasions the applications have been considerably in excess of the number of tickets granted. The institution is one which well deserves support.

THE "CEYLON."—Judging from a private letter which we have received, the passengers seem to be enjoying their trip to the Mediterranean, and speak highly of the comfort and good management which they find on board. Port Mahon (Minorca), Ville Franche (Naples), Palermo, and Corfu have been among the places already visited. From Naples many of the travellers went over to Ischia to see with their own eyes the terrible destruction wrought by the earthquake at Casamicciola. With the exception of a stiffish breeze between Naples and Palermo, and rain at the former city, the weather has been most enjoyable, with glorious sunsets and sunrises, and bright starry nights. The *Ceylon* is expected back during the first week in March, and will then start on another Mediterranean trip of a still more attractive character, as it includes a visit to the Holy Land and Egypt.

MISS REEVES' DEBUT.—It is not generally known that Miss C. Reeves, daughter of Mr. Sims Reeves, made her first appearance in public, and that Mr. Herbert Reeves made his debut on the stage at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on Wednesday afternoon. The opera was Terry's *Guy Rammerey*, in which Mr. Herbert Reeves, according to custom in ballad opera, introduced "Tom Bowling," "Close to the Threshold," and his own song, "Flowers of Memory." Miss C. Reeves contented herself with the more modest part of Flora, and, indeed, owing to a nervous modesty, which, though pardonable, was unnecessary, appeared under the nom de théâtre of Miss Lester.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Owing to the indisposition of Madame Norman Néruda, the place of that distinguished artist was taken on Saturday by Miss Shinner, a clever violinist, who, after studying at our Royal Academy of Music, went to Berlin to take lessons from Dr. Joachim. Fräulein Janotha played the ever-popular "Pastoral" sonata of Beethoven, adopting, however, considerably faster tempi than are usually observed here. On Monday the place of the first violin was temporarily occupied by the flute, and a couple of works new to these concerts were performed. The serenade in D, Op. 25, is, of course, an early work of Beethoven, written while still under the Mozart-Haydn influence. But it has long been a favourite piece with flute amateurs, many of whom must have been present on Monday to appreciate its performance by MM. Svendsen, Ries, and Holländer. The other novelty was a quintet in D for flute and strings, written many years ago by the once distinguished violinist Molique for Mr. Walter Broadwood, well known as a clever amateur flute-player. Save to Molique's friends, the quintet, which will, it is said, shortly be published, would seem to be as uninteresting as it is inoffensive. Fräulein Janotha played Mendelssohn's "Fantaisie Ecossaise" and one of the "Songs Without Words."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Besides Madame Pauline Lucca and Madame Albani, Mr. Gye has engaged for the Italian season at Covent Garden Madame Hélène Crosmont, and has re-engaged Madame Sembrich. Madame Crosmont will be recollected as a clever student at the Royal Academy of Music, who, after her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre, went to Italy, where she gained considerable success at the leading opera houses.

PERFORMING RIGHTS.—Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert will attempt to preserve the various copyrights in America of *Princess Ida* by an entirely novel expedient. No Englishman can, of course, secure any copyright in the United States. It is now, however, proposed to entrust the writing of the pianoforte arrangement in the vocal score to an American citizen, who will, of course, copyright it on his own account. It is believed this will hold good in law, and, considering the thousands of pounds depending upon it, the result will be awaited with interest.

HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—This choir will, on March 22, produce, it is said for the first time in London, Spohr's "Vocal Mass" in C. The work is written for five solo voices and a double choir, and Spohr, in a note on the first page of the score, has left strict directions "that the 'Mass' be sung without an accompaniment, as soon as the choir is practised enough to do without the help of the pianoforte." The double choruses are for the choir proper and a semi-choir two-thirds fewer in numbers, to be formed on March 22nd of vocal students at the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Randegger, who will conduct, has already had several rehearsals.

CARL ROSA COMPANY.—Mr. Carl Rosa's purchase for 41,000*l.* of the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, will provide this energetic manager of English Opera with a centre from which to direct operations. The theatre will likewise be used as a store-house for scenery and stock. Mr. McLaren, long acting manager of the troupe, will be the local manager of the house.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER.—The numerous friends of this eminent conductor and professor of singing will congratulate him on his engagement to be married to Miss Adelina de Lenw, a native of Düsseldorf, daughter of the eminent painter of that city, and granddaughter of a celebrated physician and oculist, formerly attached to the Court; his friend and patron the blind King of Hanover. The lady, who is young, very talented, and exceedingly pretty, was a pupil of Signor Randegger at the Royal Academy of Music.

BALLAD CONCERTS.—The announcement of a collection of Sir Arthur Sullivan's most popular songs attracted a crowded audience to these concerts on Wednesday night. Such favourites as "Sweethearts," "Orpheus with His Lute" (deliciously sung by Miss Santley), "Let Me Dream Again," "The Lost Chord" (an uproarious encore, of course), by Madame Antoinette Sterling, need no further eulogy. M. de Pachmann made his last appearance at these concerts, and officially introduced his fiancée, Miss Maggie Okey, who will play at the next concert. The only novelty was a song, "The Pilgrim," by "Stephen Adams" (Mr. Maybrick), sung by Mr. E. Lloyd in a manner which recalled that eminent tenor's best triumphs. The song is a *scena*, rather than a ballad; and, if truth be told, the vocalist had more to do with its success than the composer, who accompanied, and received a hearty recall.

WAIFS.—Mr. Santley will make his debut in London as a reciter at Mr. Willing's Concert on February 26, when he will declaim the lyrics in *Athalie*, which he spoke so admirably at the last Norwich Festival. Madame Albani has been engaged for the first performance of *Redemption* in Paris, under M. Gounod, next month. As the Albert Hall will be required during the afternoons of May for the National Health Exhibition, concerts projected there have been abandoned. Dr. Von Bülow has accepted the post of honorary director of the Raff Conservatorium at Frankfurt. The Royal English Opera Troupe, lately at Covent Garden, will open at the Standard Theatre to-night, and will afterwards go into the provinces. Miss Robertson is about to have a "farewell" concert. At the Glasgow *plébiscite* the winning works were Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, 697 votes; Rossini's *William Tell Overture*, 455; the "Storm" movement from Rubinstein's *Ocean Symphony*, 428; and the ballet music from Mackenzie's *Colomba*, 441 votes. Madame Schumann is expected in London next month to play at the Popular Concerts. Mr. Manns has returned to London, and the Crystal Palace Concerts will recommence to-day (Saturday).

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,499 deaths were registered, against 1,595 during the previous seven days, a decline of 96, being 516 below the average, and at the rate of 19.5 per 1,000. These deaths included 4 from small-pox (an increase of 3), 19 from measles (a fall of 11), 34 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 19 from diphtheria (a decline of 3), 78 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 7), 21 from enteric fever (an increase of 7), and 10 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 3). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 347 (against 367 the previous week), being no fewer than 284 below the average. There were 2,714 births against 2,587 during the previous week, being 189 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 42.2 deg., and 1.9 deg. above the average.

LITERARY FRENCHWOMEN are vastly on the increase, and their organ, the *Gazette des Femmes*, states that 1883 was the most fruitful year of feminine writings yet known in France. Two hundred and five works by women were published—novels, however, predominating.

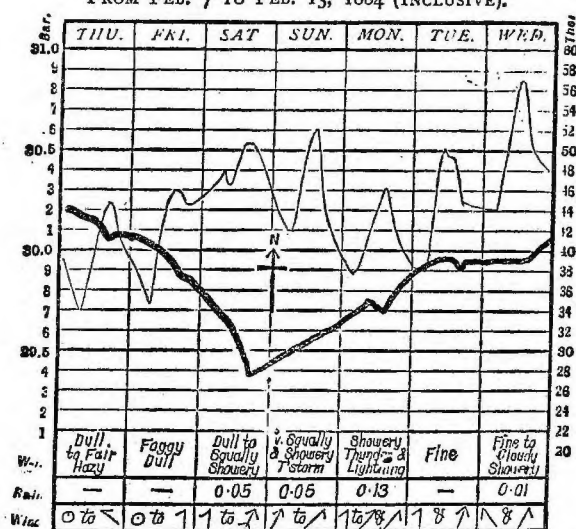
SOME CURIOUS INFORMATION ON BRITISH CUSTOMS is often vouchsafed by Gallic newspapers, and we get some rather unknown particulars respecting the memory of Nell Gwynne from the *Paris Figaro*, whose London correspondent furnishes a minute account of M. Planquette's new opera, "The legend of Nell," he informs the Paris public, "is very popular in England. Even now there is the banquet of Nell Gwynne, and every Saturday evening at six the bells of a church near Charing Cross are rung in her honour."

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT is a perfect mine of wealth to the lawyers, for she has caused yet another suit in the Paris Courts. A well-known dressmaker is suing Madame Bernhardt's manager for the value of the dresses supplied her for the revival of the *Dame aux Camelias*. One toilette of golden tulle, embroidered with ears of corn and opals over corn-coloured satin, cost 160*l.*, but did not please the capricious actress, who refused to wear it at all. She was better satisfied with a 10*l.* gold and silver brocade, lined with rose-coloured satin, and trimmed with gold and Cluny lace; and a 120*l.* robe of pale blue bengaline. Even her teagown of white cashmere, lined with Tibetan goat-hair, came to 60*l.*; and these prices are considered so exorbitant that they have been referred to a committee of experts.

A NEW OBJECTION TO THE ELECTRIC LIGHT has been brought forward by the orchestra of the Stuttgart Court Theatre, who declare that the light cannot be sufficiently regulated to suit each vision, and that its glare not only affects their eyes but the nerves of the head. By the way, this light nearly destroyed the Eastern Court of the Calcutta Exhibition, where the electric wire connecting the lamps with the generators is run along the woodwork at the side of the skylight without insulators. The current evidently set fire to the deal planking and cloth; but one of the young Jouberts, seeing the sparks in time, climbed on the roof, and smothered the fire with the flags. Speaking of electricity, a prize of 2,000*l.* has been offered in France for a discovery which shall enable electricity to be applied economically either as a source of heat, light, chemical action, mechanical power, or a means of transmitting intelligence. The competition is international, and will be open until December, 1887. The last use for the electric current, however, is to "age" wine, this desirable operation being effected in three hours for claret, and three days for newly-distilled spirits. By this means also all impurities are removed.

BRITISH ARTISTS have been asked by the Trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to form a representative exhibition of English water-colours and works in black and white, to be held in the United States this autumn. Another invitation to British Art comes from Paris, where Messrs. Orchardson, E. J. Gregory, and Macbeth have been requested to contribute to the coming Exposition Internationale at the Arts Décoratifs. Mr. Orchardson will probably send his well-known "Napoleon on the Bellerophon,"—rather a strange subject, by the way, for an Englishman to choose for exhibition in France—and his "Social Eddy," while Mr. Macbeth will borrow some of his works now belonging to a Manchester Art collector. Talking of Art in Paris, the Exhibition of Modern Drawings, opened at the École des Beaux-Arts, proves most interesting. It embraces a century of French Art, reaching from 1780 to the present day, and including works by David, Prudhon, Ingres, Delacroix, Gavarni, Rousseau, Millet, and Meissonnier. Yet another fine semi-private display has been opened at the Club of the Union Artistique, where most of the best French painters are represented. Meanwhile, a number of artists and archaeologists, alarmed at the rapid disappearance of Old Paris, have formed the Société des Amis des Arts Parisiens, to protect the ancient monuments. M. Victor Hugo has long laboured in this line, and now, by-the-by, is going to turn architect himself, as he intends to build a house in the Avenue bearing his name, where he will design both his own home and his garden.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK  
FROM FEB. 7 TO FEB. 13, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been mild and changeable. At the commencement of the period, pressure, which had been high generally for some days previously, began to give way briskly. In London and its neighbourhood, fair weather prevailed at first, followed by mist or fog, and some depressing showers. By Saturday morning (9th inst.) deep and extensive depressions were found passing north-westwards along our extreme western coasts, greatly accelerating the fall in the barometer, and producing fresh or strong southerly gales in most places. Temperature increased, and a very general fall of rain occurred—heaviest over Ireland. In the course of Sunday and Monday (10th and 11th inst.) the central area of lowest barometric readings travelled across our most northern coasts in a north-easterly direction, being found on the latter day off the west of Norway. The barometer, therefore, rose over our islands quickly in the west and north, and the wind gradually veered to the south-westward, the gales slowly subsiding. Squally winds, however, prevailed rather generally, while rain fell all over the country, with hail showers, and (in the south) thunderstorms. During the closing days of the week further depressions arrived on our western coasts, occasioning a backing of the wind to the southward, and a return of the gale there, with rain, while light winds, with fine, southerly weather, was experienced in the neighbourhood of London. The barometer was highest (30.19 inches) on Thursday (7th inst.); lowest (29.38 inches) on Saturday (9th inst.); range, 0.81 inch. Temperature was highest (57°) on Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (34°) on Thursday (7th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.24 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.13 inch, on Monday (11th inst.).

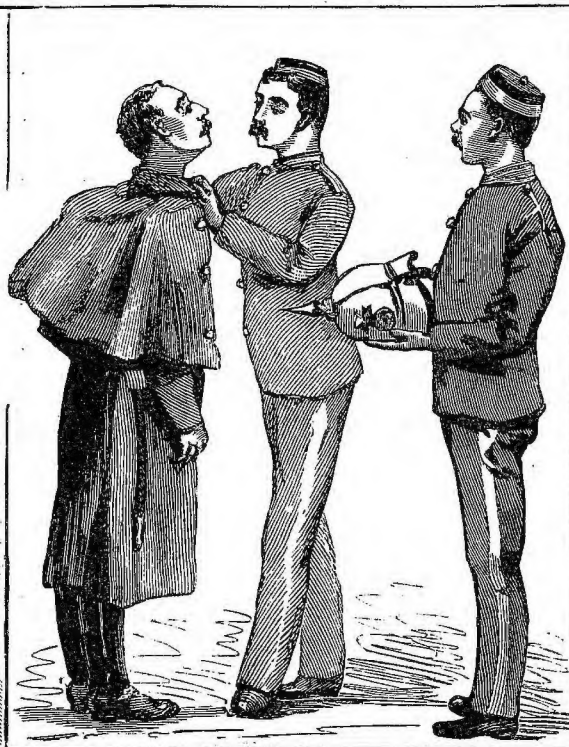




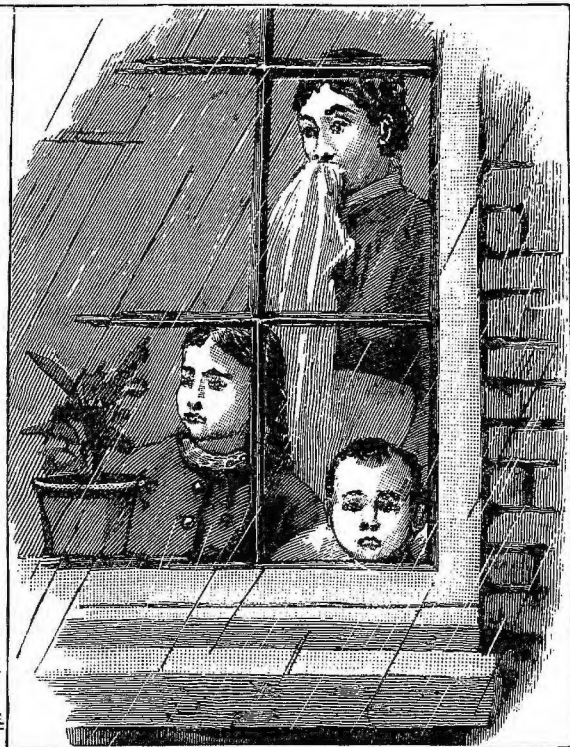
THE ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY FROM EASTNEY BARRACKS ENTERING PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD



AT EASTNEY BARRACKS—MARINE ARTILLERY RE-MARKING THEIR KITS BEFORE LEAVING



AT THE EASTNEY BARRACKS—THE LAST FRIENDLY SERVICE



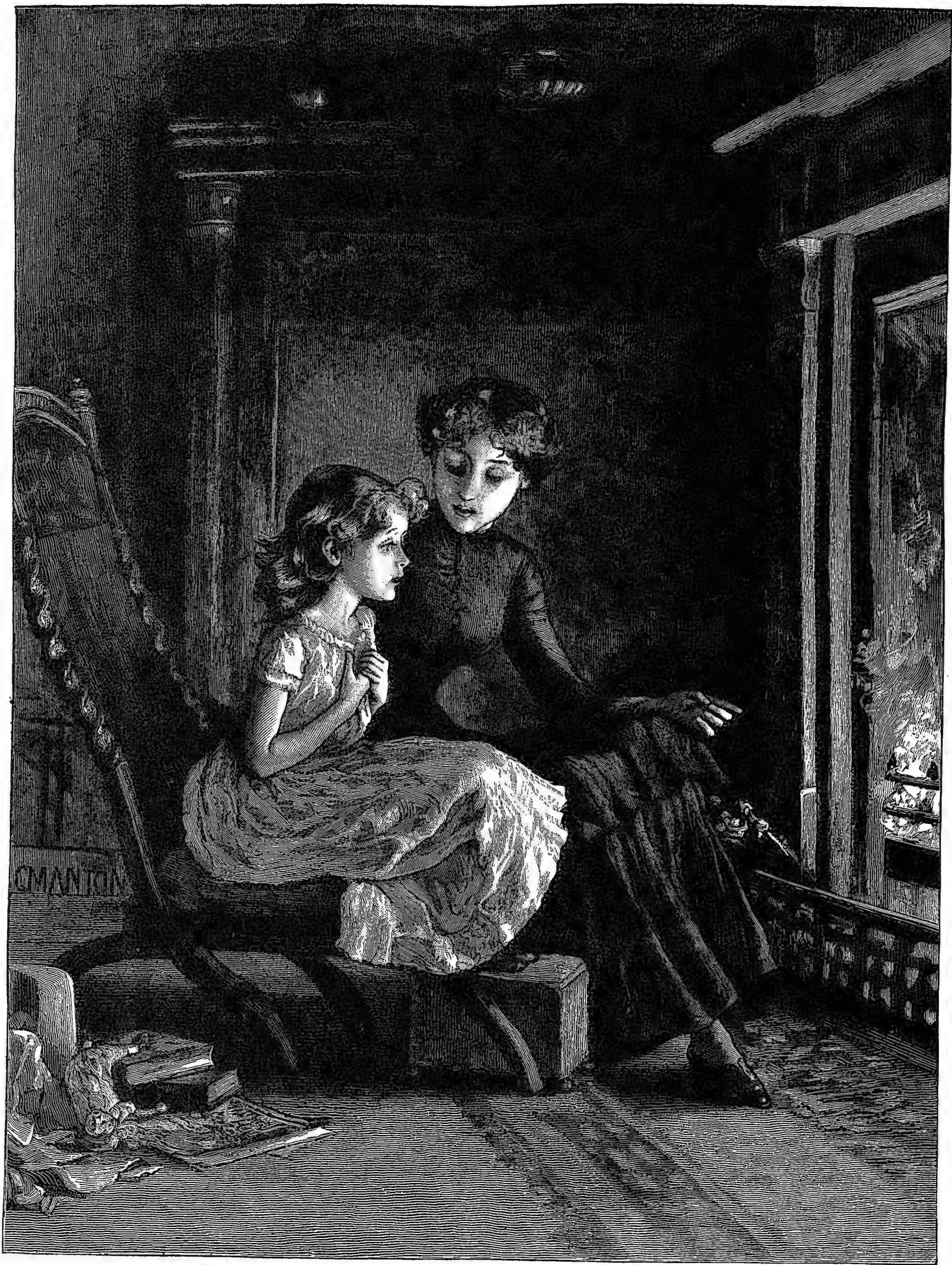
"PAPA'S GONE"—IN THE MARRIED QUARTERS AT EASTNEY BARRACKS



THE MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY DRAFTS FROM CHATHAM GOING ON BOARD THE P. AND O. SS. "POONAH"

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—REINFORCEMENTS LEAVING PORTSMOUTH

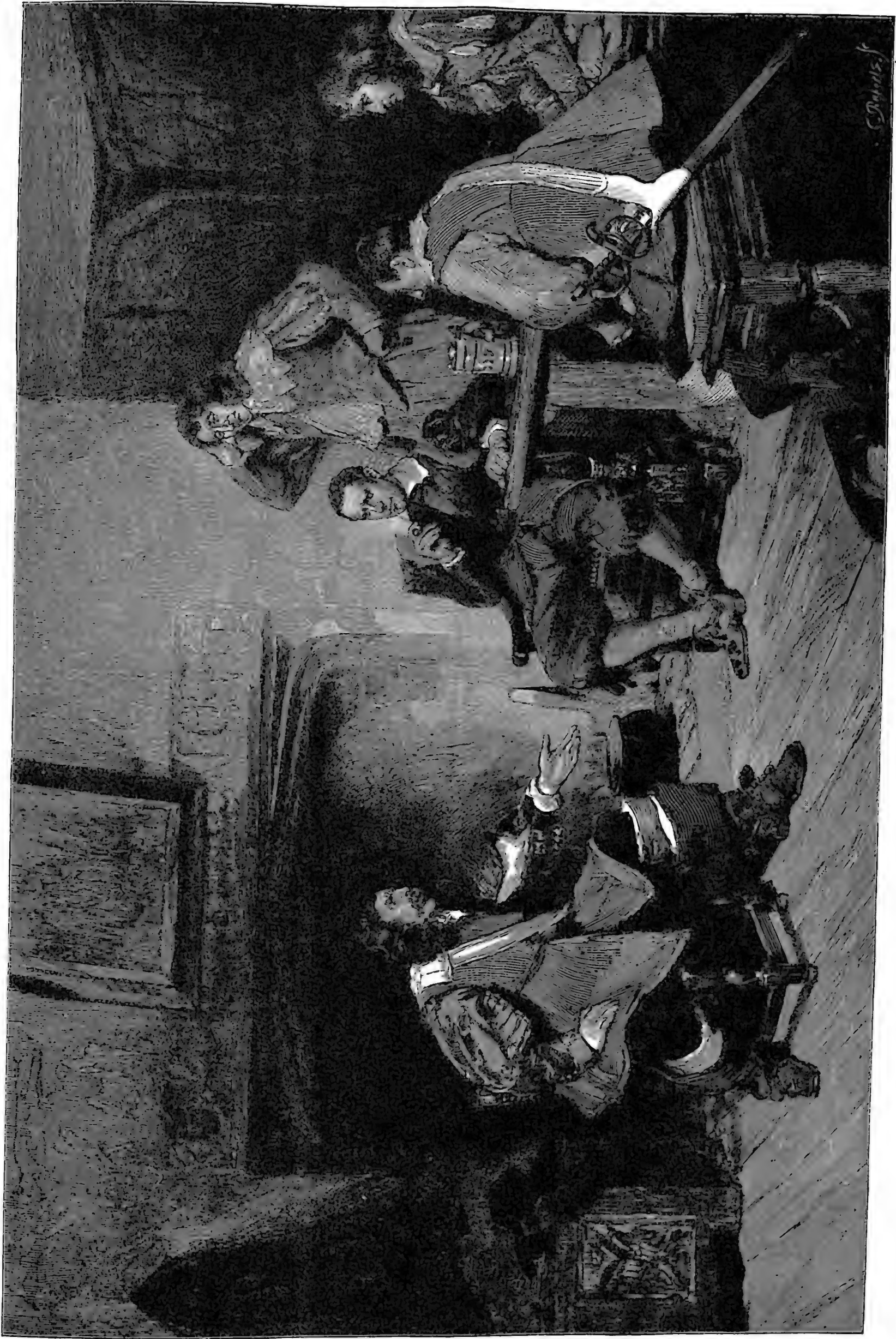




"FACES IN THE FIRE"

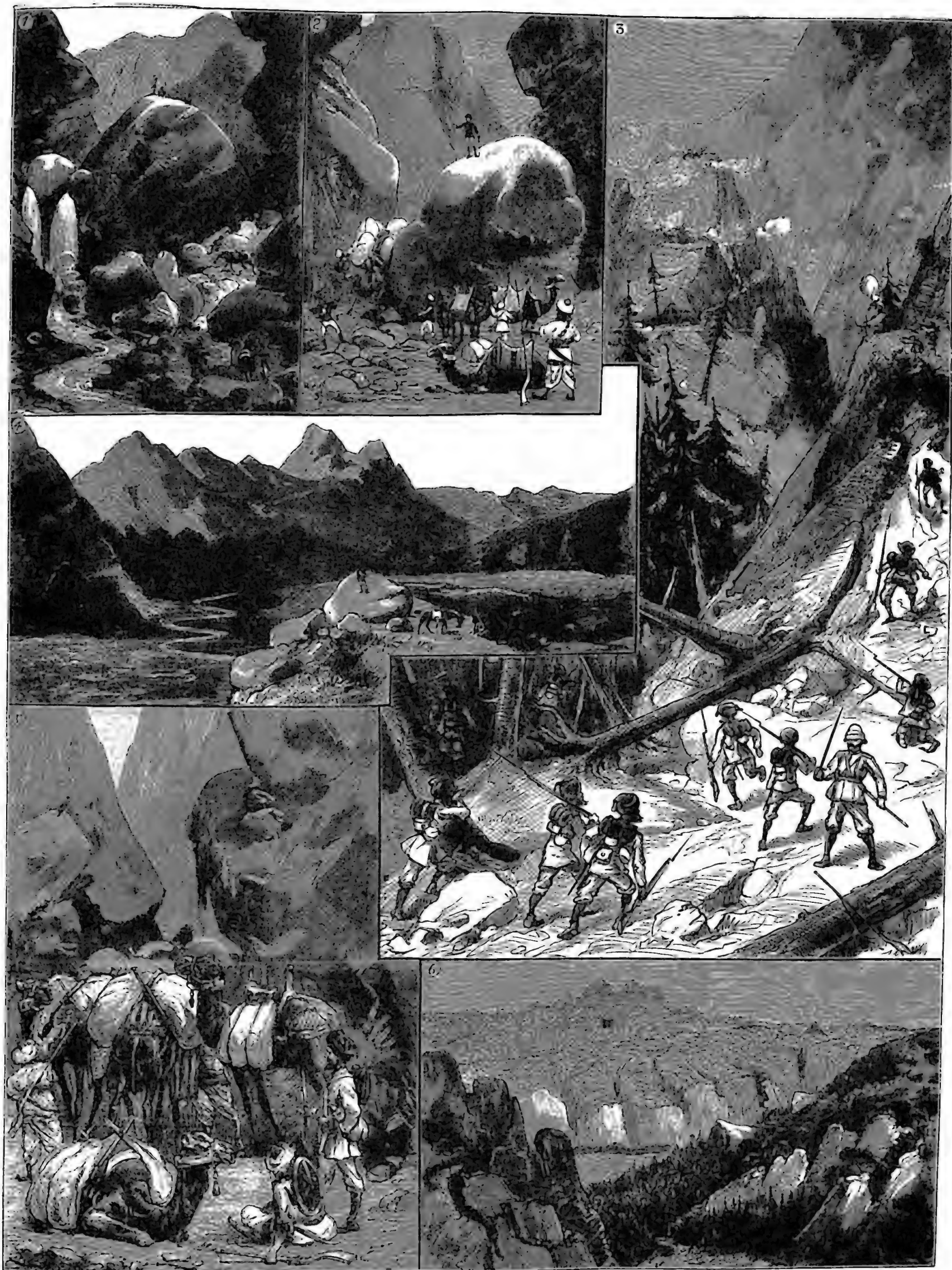
FROM THE DRAWING BY G. G. MANTON





"A TALE OF EDGEHILL."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY SEYMOUR LUCAS, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS





1. The Sari Rock Before the Road Was Made.—2. Forcing the Camels through a Narrow Pass Among the Rocks.—3. Attack on the Shiranis' Position on the Kotal.—4. Mistr Katch, Head of Gât Defile from Sar-i-Zao Kotal.—5. A Block of Camels in the Zao Pass.—6. View of the Southern Summit from the Pazai Kotal.

WITH GENERAL KENNEDY'S STAFF ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO SURVEY TAKHT-I-SULEIMAN, EASTERN AFGHANISTAN, II.





THE continued disasters in EGYPT have at last compelled our Government to take the military operations into their own hands, and an expedition of 4,000 British troops is being formed under General Graham for the relief of Tokar, Sinkat having already fallen a prey to the rebels. To take up the thread of events, it having been decided that Baker Pasha and his troops should be recalled from Suakim, Admiral Hewett on Saturday took over the supreme command of both naval and military forces by virtue of a proclamation of the Khédive appointing him Governor-General, "with the permission of England," "who," it was added, "is willing to protect Suakim." The native Governor-General attempted at first to oppose Admiral Hewett, but was quickly called to order, and eventually resigned. It was decided to send back the Egyptian troops, save the more trustworthy blacks, who, with the aid of three British officers from Cairo—Colonel Hallam Parr, and Majors Piggott and Haggard—are to be reorganised, while reinforcements of marines were sent by the *Orontes*, *Monarch*, *Carysfort*, and *Hecla*. Moreover, on Tuesday General Stephenson, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Egypt, was ordered by the Home Government to organise the above-mentioned force of 4,000 men, the 10th Hussars, who were on their way home from India, being also stopped in the Suez Canal. Colonel Redvers Buller will act as second in command to General Graham, and will lead the infantry brigade, while Colonel Herbert Stewart will command the cavalry, mainly composed of the 19th Hussars. No field artillery will accompany the force, but there will be some machine guns from the fleet. The *Poonah*, which left England some days since with 600 marines, has now been ordered to go straight to Suakim, while the Channel Fleet has been ordered to Malta. Should General Graham be too late to relieve Tokar his forces are to be devoted to the protection of the Red Sea coast from the rebels. Sinkat fell on Friday: The rebels having summoned Tewfik Bey to surrender, he staunchly refused, and, spiking the guns and blowing up the magazine, he made a desperate sortie, the women and children following the troops. The men were speedily overpowered and killed, only six being spared, the women and children being taken prisoners. The greatest possible sufferings were endured by the garrison, who had been reduced to eating the dogs and horses, all provisions having been utterly exhausted.

At Cairo all is now preparation, but the despatch of troops is not being limited to Suakim, as Colonel Duncan is to start with a force of infantry and artillery from Sir Evelyn Wood's army for Assouan to-day (Saturday), and it is thought that garrisons will be also placed at Assiout and Korosko. The news from General Gordon is hopeful. He reached Abu Hamed on Saturday, and at once went on to Berber, arriving there on Monday morning. Thence he telegraphs that "Stewart and I are all right. Do not bother about us. Do not want Bedouins at Korosko; take them away; do what you like with them. The people are coming in on all sides with enthusiasm. I hope soon the Soudan will be perfectly tranquil." He also proceeded at once to action, appointed Hussein Bey Halifa Supreme Governor, and dismissed the Governor of Khartoum, appointing Colonel Coetlogon in his place. He expects to reach Khartoum to-day (Saturday), but it will probably be some days before we hear from him. The feeling in Cairo amongst the British officers is stated to be one of deep humiliation, not at the recent disasters, but at the inaction of the Home Government, which has allowed so many lives to be uselessly sacrificed with a British army on the spot ready and anxious to take the field. Officers of General Wood's army are also anxious that their men should not be confounded with the disorderly, undisciplined rabble which formed the forces of General Baker. The morale of the Cairo army is declared to be exceedingly good, and the men are greatly attached to their officers. Thus on six volunteers being recently called for to accompany Colonel Hallam Parr to Suakim, sixty non-commissioned officers and men rushed forward at once. Consequently great annoyance is being expressed that the Egyptian army will probably be allotted no share in the expedition.

Foreign nations, one and all, are exceedingly bitter against the British Government. Germany warmly condemns Mr. Gladstone's "feeble, undecided attitude . . . which has compromised England in the eyes of the world, and has also undermined her influence and prejudiced her commercial interests in Africa." France, of course, is exceedingly sarcastic, and the utterances of her organs are tinged with a visible tone of satisfaction. As to the rumour that negotiations had been set on foot to secure French assistance, any such idea is warmly scouted, and the *Temps*, which is, as usual, more moderate than its fellows, remarks that, notwithstanding his scathing sarcasms on Lord Beaconsfield's policy, "a little of the latter's initiative would have stood Mr. Gladstone in better stead than his half measures and scruples." In Austria, Italy, and Spain much the same opinions are expressed, save that the two latter countries, and Italy in particular, evince no small anxiety to have a finger in restoring order, and hint that England would do well to ask their assistance.

From FRANCE there is singularly little news this week. The only Parliamentary topic of interest has been the Seditious Demonstrations Bill, the first clause of which, dealing with outdoor meetings which refuse to disperse when summoned, was passed on Tuesday. Clerical circles are discussing the new Papal Encyclical to the French Bishops, in which Leo XIII. reminds them how true to the faith France was wont to be, and "how when the French mind, poisoned by new opinions, rejected the authority of the Church, and listened to preachers of licence, France was seen marching to her ruin." The Pope points out the advantages of the Concordat to France, and dwells upon the danger of discord between Church and State—a peril which he has neglected nothing to avert. He begs all, therefore, both clergy and laymen, who are devoted to the Church to multiply their efforts, but in united action, for, in the words of the Bible, "A kingdom divided against itself will fall." Catholic writers must spare no efforts to preserve concord in everything. Their rule must be filial obedience towards the Bishops. Lastly, all must redouble their fervour and their prayers, "in order that mercy may prevail over Divine anger for the salvation of France." There is little doubt but that grave anxiety prevails with regard to France in the Vatican, and this is not lessened by the evident determination of M. Jules Ferry not to protest against the decision of the Roman Court of Cassation that the property of the Propaganda should be converted from land into consols.

There is further news from Tonkin. Admiral Courbet has reported that the Nam Dinh Expedition is at an end, the rebels commanded by De Doc having been entirely dispersed with considerable loss. The flying columns in the Song Tay province also have been successful, while various Chinese pirate establishments on the coast have been destroyed by a French war vessel. At Hue all is quiet, and the best feeling exists between the natives and the French. In January a massacre of a priest and 300 Christians took place at Panhoa and Ngehan, between Hue and the southern branch of the Red River—a territory not occupied by the French. The Mandarins who permitted the outrages have been tried and punished.

Other massacres, however, are reported near Hué, and bands of Annamites are ravaging the country, with cries of "Death to the Christians!" "Death to the French!"

Terrible floods are reported from the UNITED STATES. The rivers in Ohio, and other Western States, have risen to an unprecedented extent, particularly at Pittsburg, Wheeling, and Cincinnati. At the last mentioned town the water on Wednesday reached the height of 69½ feet. Enormous damage has been done to property, and Congress has been asked to vote 60,000*l.* for the relief of the sufferers, many of whom are homeless, and in great distress.

From SOUTH AFRICA comes the news of the death of Cetewayo, at Ekowe, of heart disease (?), on Friday. He complained of cold in the forenoon, and took some of the native doctor's medicine, and at noon took a walk outside the kraal. He then appears to have lain down in his hut, and died suddenly. His attendants thought that he had only fainted, and dashed water on his face, but it was soon manifest that the end had come. The condition of Zululand is as unsettled as ever, and the general opinion at the Cape is that the various tribes will exterminate each other unless the country is definitely annexed.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS Turkey and the British Government are wrangling over the right to administer the salt mines in Cyprus. —In AUSTRIA the Socialist scare continues, and another policeman has been shot. —In PORTUGAL the Constitutional Reform Bill has been adopted by the Chamber. The Congo Treaty with England is shortly to be presented to the Cortes. It is stated to provide for the free navigation of the river, and also fixes the Portuguese frontier in the Zambezi region beyond the Shire River and Lake Nyassa. —In BULGARIA the Prince has appointed Prince Cantacuzene Minister of War, and to a command in the Bulgarian army. The Czar has suppressed the Bulgarian agency at St. Petersburg. —On the WEST COAST OF AFRICA the Anglo-French Commission to mark the boundary between the English and French territories have been threatened by King Amatfoo, of Kingabo, and the Commander at Cape Coast Castle has accordingly proceeded against him with a small force, while two French men-of-war are landing troops. —In INDIA Sir John Sandeman has succeeded in settling the disputed question between the Khan of Khelat and Kharan and the Panjgur Sirdars, so that we have now a firm phalanx of allies in that region.



THE QUEEN will leave England for the Continent in about five weeks' time, going previously to Windsor, where Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice are expected next week. Before leaving, also, the Queen proposes to spend a few days in town, and has fixed the first two Drawing-Rooms of the season for March 13th and 20th. On Saturday Princess Beatrice returned to Osborne from spending the previous night with Princess Frederica of Hanover at Hampton Court, to be present at the Fancy Ball given by the local residents to the Duke and Duchess of Albany. Later, Canon Duckworth arrived, and dined with the Queen, while next morning he officiated at Divine Service before Her Majesty and the Princess. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Countess Dornberg and Maria Marchioness of Allessbury arrived on Monday, and dined with the Queen, Lieut.-General Sir H. Daly, Lieut.-Colonel Kelsey, and Captain W. Campbell also joining the party. Her Majesty's guests left on Tuesday. The Court is in mourning until Tuesday next for Princess George of Saxony, wife of the heir-apparent to the Saxon Throne, who died last week at Dresden.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday was present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum Trustees, and subsequently presided at a General Meeting of the Trustees. Next morning the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service with their daughters. Princess Louise lunched with the Prince and Princess on Monday, when the Prince went to the House of Lords, while in the evening the Princess of Wales was present at the Monday Popular Concert. The Prince was again present in the House of Lords on Tuesday night during the Soudan debate, but did not vote, and subsequently he went to the Smoking Concert given by the Amateur Orchestral Society. The Prince holds a *levée* on behalf of the Queen on the 21st inst., and will preside at the Annual Meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution on March 15.—Prince George continues his cruise in the *Canada* about the West India Islands, and after visiting Demerara he was expected at Trinidad to-morrow (Sunday). On March 4 the *Canada* will part from the cruising squadron to take up her duty as senior officer's ship in the Barbadoes division until May, then leaving for Bermuda and Halifax.

The Duke of Edinburgh, during his stay at Cagliari, Sardinia, has visited the Agricultural Penal Establishment. He had a very warm reception, and was entertained at a banquet by the Prefect, who proposed the Queen's health in English. The Duke was to have left Cagliari this week for Terranova. The Duchess remains in town with her children. She was at the Adelphi on Monday night, and on Tuesday went to hear the Soudan debate in the House of Lords. —The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are at Agra, staying with the Lieutenant-Governor. They have been at Delhi, where the Duke inspected the troops. —The Duchess of Albany was not well enough to attend the ball given in honour of herself and the Duke by the residents of Hampton Court. The Duke, however, was present, and represented the hero of the *Lyons Mail*. —The Duke of Teck is in England on a short visit, leaving the Duchess and family at Milan.



THE JUST-PUBLISHED WORK of Her Majesty, "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," contains an interesting indication of Royal opinion on one of the probable results of the Disestablishment of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, respecting which the late Dr. Norman Macleod had expressed anxiety in a conversation with the Sovereign. "Thank God," the Queen remarks, "there is no difference of form or doctrine there, and were this to happen, the Free Church and United Presbyterians, with the present Established Church, would become one very strong Protestant body."

IT IS ANNOUNCED that the Rev. Dr. Stubbs, Canon of St. Paul's, and Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, is to be the new Bishop of Chester; and that the Rev. Dr. Ridding, Head Master of Winchester, will be the first occupant of the new See of Southwell.

BOTH HOUSES OF THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY met on Tuesday. In the Upper House it was agreed, on the motion of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, that the Primate should be requested

to appoint a Committee to consider the propriety of forming a Provincial House of Laymen in connection with Synods of the Church.

ON WEDNESDAY, at the suggestion of the Primate, the Lower House was requested to consider and advise on the chief questions raised by the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Commissioners.

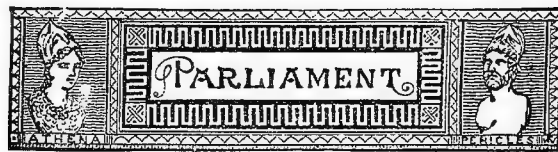
AT THE INSTANCE OF THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, the condition of the poorest classes of the population of Bristol is to be investigated by a committee of leading citizens of all political and religious opinions, including Nonconformist ministers and Roman Catholic priests.

THERE WAS A SOLEMN FAREWELL SERVICE WITH THE BISHOP OF SYDNEY at Westminster Abbey on Thursday last week, when the Archbishop of York delivered an appropriate address; and on Sunday Dr. Barry preached his farewell sermon. During the service the prayers of the congregation were asked for the safety and success of General Gordon.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER has announced the complete success of his appeal for a subscription to present the Bishop of Sydney with a collection of books to replace his library of 2,000 volumes lost in the *Simla*. The subscriptions received and promised—the Bench of Bishops have contributed 200*l.* and the Skinners' Company 50*l.*—will, with the 500*l.* for which the books were insured, be amply sufficient. Dean Bradley adds that before any mention of Bishop Barry's loss had appeared in print he had received an expression of sympathy from the Queen, and that not the least valuable part of his new library at Sydney will consist of carefully selected volumes, which he will owe to Her Majesty's thoughtful and gracious generosity.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR preached on Sunday at the service conducted under the auspices of the Church of England Mission to the People, at the Royal Victoria Coffee and Music Hall, formerly the Victoria Theatre.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF A STATEMENT that it is in contemplation to restore to its original high pitch the roof of the north aisle of St. Alban's Cathedral, the Committee of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings have in a letter to the Bishop of St. Alban's added another to their previous protests against such operations, and what they call the preposterous absurdity of the pretence that mediæval work can be done in the present century.



THE progress hitherto made with the business of the Session has not been encouraging. The collapse of the debate on Mr. Bourke's amendment to the Address is typical of the general disposition of affairs in the House of Commons. The Opposition, naturally enough, do not want to see progress unduly made with the business of the Government, and the Government have not yet discovered any means of coercing them. It cannot be said that it is the Irish members who are chiefly responsible for this state of things. They have had their share of talking, of course. But their share is usually so large that when it in any measure falls short of habitual proportion we come to regard them as showing signs of reformation. The attitude of Mr. Parnell has been as enigmatical as ever. He did not appear on the opening night, and had, it is said, contemplated further abstention. But the collapse of Tuesday night so frightened his supporters that they urgently telegraphed for him, and he appeared on Wednesday. On Friday he made a speech in which, posing as the champion of law and order in Ireland, he denounced the Orange party for interference with the rights of public meetings, and condemned the Government for failing to restrain them. With the exception of this speech he has studiously stood apart from Parliamentary business. He is in his place sometimes, often not; but in either case is content to leave to the younger, or rather the more vigorous, members of his party the duty, imperative upon an Irish Member, of keeping the House disorderly.

In this field Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Healy for the present labour with the greatest assiduity. They seem to have pitted themselves in noble rivalry. Mr. O'Donnell had scarcely resumed his seat, after sternly asking the Speaker whether he had not been in collusion with the officers of the House to serve the ends of Mr. Bradlaugh, than Mr. Healy got up and accused the right hon. gentleman of making one law for the Member for Northampton, and another for the Member for Monaghan. These are, however, mere exuberances of ill-breeding. Beneath them lies the indisputable fact that the Irish Members, not lacking in ingenuity or in recklessness of statement, are not able to find in the present condition of Ireland any grounds for those acrimonious debates which through many years up to the present time have marked the opening nights of the Session. The wrangle about the Orangemen is not an exception to this statement, but rather proves it. So altered is the condition of Ireland under the effects of recent legislation, that the Parnellites, feeling the necessity of keeping their name before their constituents, and the House of Commons in a turmoil, are obliged to go back to a feud as old as the time of William of Orange. This at least is something.

But though the Irish Members have fallen short of their accustomed standard, the Session hitherto has not lacked in matters of excitement. Mr. Bradlaugh has paid his annual visit, and has been not less successful than usual in stirring up the muddy waters of politico-religious controversy. He was in his familiar place under the Gallery on the opening night of the Session, and has sat there since, having, as published correspondence shows, entered into an understanding with Sir Stafford Northcote that, till Monday, he would take no steps to assert his rights. Monday was the day solemnly set aside by the high contracting parties for the pitched battle, and everything was done with a regularity that left nothing to be desired. Mr. Bradlaugh even went further than has been his habit hitherto, refraining from putting in an appearance till Questions were disposed of, and the proper time had arrived for the introduction of new Members. Then, without a moment's delay, he presented himself at the Bar, with Mr. Burt on one side and Mr. Labouchere on the other. The first breach of the good order hitherto reigning was made when, without waiting for the invitation of the Speaker, Mr. Bradlaugh advanced towards the table. So far-reaching is his stride, and so eager his spirit, that before he had gone half-a-dozen paces Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Burt began to tail off, and were beaten at the Mace by fully a length. The Speaker, who, like every one else, had been fully informed of the programme, and might, if he pleased, have fortified himself by a rehearsal, was on his feet the moment Mr. Bradlaugh started, and, producing a paper, began to read a brief but formal statement of the case, concluding with a demand that Mr. Bradlaugh should withdraw till the House had considered the position of affairs. Meanwhile Mr. Bradlaugh was not idle. Taking a book, understood by everybody but Lord R. Churchill to be a copy of the New Testament, he administered to himself the oath, signed a copy of the Roll of Parliament, left his papers on the desk, and, having accomplished his business, was able to oblige the Speaker by withdrawing, which he did with studied grace, bowing low, and



retiring backwards, in comical imitation of Black Rod and the Serjeant-at-Arms.

Then Sir Stafford Northcote, having received his cue, moved the resolution, which has become so familiar a Parliamentary procedure, forbidding Mr. Bradlaugh to go through the form of taking the Oath. This was a little late, since he had already done what the House would presently solemnly declare he should not do. The anachronism was a mere trifle compared to what followed. The Irish Members, rushing in under the leadership of those champions of order, Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Healy, took the matter into their own hands, and moved two resolutions. The first proposed to add to Sir Stafford Northcote's prohibition against taking the Oath an order that Mr. Bradlaugh should not vote in the division that would be taken thereupon. This was avowedly moved with the object of preventing the Member for Northampton from securing proof for use in a Court of Law that he had really voted. This shows into what ludicrous blunders even shrewd and practical Parliamentary tacticians may fall when blinded by passion. Of course this proposition could be carried only by a division which would take place before the division on Sir Stafford Northcote's motion, and in which Mr. Bradlaugh would be careful to vote. This being pointed out, the amendment was extinguished amid a roar of laughter. But Mr. Healy had something quite as bad, and what is more lamentable, forced the majority into adopting it. For the same object of preventing legal proof of Mr. Bradlaugh's voting becoming available for his purposes, he moved a resolution disallowing the vote the Member for Northampton had already given on Sir Stafford Northcote's motion. As the Attorney-General pointed out, such a resolution entered in the books of the House of Commons was the most convenient form of proof. If Mr. Bradlaugh had not voted his vote could not be disallowed. Declaring it disallowed proclaimed the fact that he had voted. This becoming apparent, the Conservatives did all they could to prevent Mr. Healy going to a division. At the last moment Lord Randolph Churchill, with angry voice, cried, "Agreed, agreed." But the step could not be retreated from, and amid loud laughter, and to Mr. Bradlaugh's manifest delight, the Conservative Party went out with Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Donnell to vote this notable declaration. The proceedings occupied the greater part of Monday's sitting, and on Tuesday there was a fresh but briefer wrangle on the motion to issue a new writ for Northampton. This was agreed to, and for the nonce the House is delivered of Mr. Bradlaugh.

The Vote of Censure was moved in both Houses on Tuesday, and carried in the Lords by the round majority of 100, 260 Peers voting. The proceedings were not lively in the Lords. In the Commons they were relieved by a speech from Mr. Gladstone, to which his most determined opponents paid the tribute of admiration. The Premier laboured to show, supporting his statement by a detailed array of facts and dates, that, so far from being vacillating or inconsistent, their policy had been of one piece from the beginning, and that inasmuch as they advised the evacuation of the Sudan, and by the appointment of General Gordon took steps pacifically to secure it, they acted in accordance with the views of the people of Egypt, and with the dictates of a sound policy. The debate was adjourned till Thursday, and the division is looked for on Monday.

Meanwhile the debate on the Address, which has wandered aimlessly along, has been set aside to be resumed on Tuesday, should the vote of censure be got out of the way. Till the Address is voted, Sir Henry Brand remains in the chair of the Speaker.

### THE QUEEN'S NEW BOOK\*

THE private life of Queen Victoria has ever been of the greatest interest to her people, not alone through Her Majesty's personal popularity, but further as the type of that pure simplicity and domestic happiness which form the ideal of an English home. No minute and elaborate word-picture of the Victorian Court can reach the heart of the nation like those plain, graphic sketches of the domestic circle drawn by the Queen's own pen, which compose the fresh volume of extracts from the Royal diary. Sixteen years have elapsed since Her Majesty published her first "Journal," dealing with the period of 1848-1861, and the present work continues the story from August, 1862, to the summer of 1882. As before, the Queen studiously avoids politics, and rarely even alludes to public events, save, indeed, to the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, which was a matter of personal family interest through the presence of the Duke of Connaught. She prefers to dwell on the peaceful visits to her favourite Northern home, amongst "my loyal Highlanders," to whom Her Majesty dedicates her book, with a touching tribute to the memory of her devoted attendant, John Brown. Glimpses of Scotch ways and customs, episodes of the Court's daily life, kindly notices of people of all grades, reminiscences of excursions, and descriptions of scenery fill the pages; the whole told in the direct simple style characteristic of the Queen's writings, and breathing alike a wide and womanly sympathy and a keen appreciation of the beauties of Nature.

There is a pathetic contrast between the previous bright records of the Queen's happy Scottish experiences, enjoyed in the companionship of her loved husband, and the opening pages of the present volume, penned in her early widowhood. The first entry in the journal describes the building of the Prince Consort's memorial cairn at Balmoral the autumn after his death. "I and my poor six orphans placed stones on it. I felt very shaky and nervous." Every scene or simple incident recalls the Prince to her memory, while in her private visits to friends during the next few years, Her Majesty deeply realised her loneliness. But she was still more affected by the absence of her husband's support on appearing in public after her loss—particularly at the unveiling of the Prince's statue at Aberdeen in 1863. "I was terribly nervous. Longed not to have to go through this terrible ordeal. . . . I got out trembling, and when I had arrived, there was no one to direct me and to say, as formerly, what was to be done." And, five years later, when inaugurating the tiny retreat where she often goes for a few days from Balmoral—the Glassalt Shiel—the Queen sadly terms it her first Widow's House. This saddened tone is painfully conspicuous throughout the diary, as Her Majesty loses many of her attached friends and followers, General Grey, Sir Thomas Biddulph—whom she visited on his deathbed—Dr. Norman Macleod, and many others. Dr. Macleod was a special favourite; and the Queen gives several summaries of his sermons, while, after his death, she writes, "There was no one to whom, in doubts and anxieties on religion, I looked up to with more trust and confidence, and no one ever reassured and comforted me more about my children. How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties." The news of the Prince Imperial's death also reached the Queen at Balmoral, and terribly shocked her. "I put my hands to my head and cried out, 'No, no; it cannot—cannot be true. It can't be. Poor, poor dear Empress!—her only child; her all gone.' I was quite beside myself." And the book closes with the recognition of the "irreparable" loss the Queen sustains in the death of her "faithful friend and devoted personal attendant, John Brown"—whose untiring attention and zealous service are constantly recorded throughout these pages.

Happier touches, however, brighten the journal, such as the home-comings of the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany, with their brides, and the engagement of the Princess Louise to Lord

Lorne—wooded and won in the Highlands, like her sisters, the Crown Princess of Germany and the Princess Alice. Afterwards the Queen visits the Princess Louise in her adopted home at Inverary, and is delighted with everything. Indeed, in all the visits recorded here—notably to the Duchess of Athole at Blair and Dunkeld, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin, and the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh at Floors—Her Majesty expresses warm appreciation of all arrangements made for her comfort and her enjoyment of such quiet social meetings. And throughout her excursions the Queen maintains a happy equanimity under adverse circumstances—when the rain drenches the travellers, when the luggage goes astray, or the coachman loses his way in the dark on an awkward road. Even when upset at night in a carriage with the Princesses Alice and Helena, she urges that "we should make the best of it, as it was an inevitable misfortune," bathes her bruised face in claret, and sits composedly down in the road till help comes. Whilst the carriage was turning over, Her Majesty "had time to reflect whether we should be killed or not, and thought there were still things I had not settled, and wanted to do."

Some of the Queen's most pleasant hours in Scotland seem to have been spent in strictly private excursions to Inverrossachs, Inverloch, Loch Maree, &c., whose loveliness she could fully enjoy, untrammelled by State cares and ceremonies. Lochs Lomond and Katrine remind her of Switzerland; but she greatly prefers her own Scotland. "This solitude, the romance and wild loveliness of everything here, the absence of hotels and beggars, the independent people who all speak Gaelic here—all make beloved Scotland the proudest, finest country in the world." Historical reminiscences fill Her Majesty's mind when visiting the famous Pass of Glencoe—where impertinent reporters effectually spoiled the picnic—and the scenes of Prince Charlie's wanderings round Loch Arkaig. "I feel a sort of reverence in going over these scenes in this most beautiful country, which I am proud to call my own, where there was such devoted loyalty to the family of my ancestors—for Stuart blood is in my veins, and I am now their representative, and the people are as devoted and loyal to me as they were to that unhappy race." The wild and beautiful mountain scenery is often very happily depicted by the Queen's pen.

The same keen observation extends to the people and their ways, whether to the eager crowds in Edinburgh and the large towns, the simple villagers and their rude cottages, or the loyal children and their nogsays, the Queen even stopping the carriage on one occasion to take his flowers from a disappointed little lad whose bouquet had failed to reach her. And while herself following the quiet routine of State work and recreation at the Castle, playing the piano with her daughters, sketching, and listening to the reading aloud of her ladies in waiting, Her Majesty's warm feelings lead her to fully enter into the occupations, the sorrows, and the joys of her humbler neighbours round Balmoral. She records all the homely aspects of Highland life, "juicing" and "clipping" the sheep, the Hallowe'en merry makings, the solemn kirk services. Sick beds and funerals find her full of sympathy in the cottage homes, she consoles the blind widow and the mother whose two children have been drowned in a "spate," or congratulates the happy parents at a christening. It is the one touch of nature such as this which has made the Queen and her subjects truly kin.



### II.

THIS month's *Fortnightly* is an unusually strong number. We have Sir John Lubbock on "Liberal versus Conservative Finance," and Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Jesse Collings on subjects in which they are known to take a keen interest, whether they are competent to deal with them or not.—M. T. Colani, Editor of the *République Française*, contributes a very frankly-written article on "The Anglo-French Alliance." M. Colani points out that the impatience of English critics with recent manifestations of French colonial enterprise arises from the assumption that the French are bad colonisers; but M. Colani states broadly that his countrymen are among the best colonisers in the world, and gives his reasons. He sympathises with the democratic movement in England; but perceives in the near future certain trouble for us. "You," he says, "will triumph over all these difficulties; because there is within you a force of irresistible expansion, to which the spirit of democracy will have given fresh vigour."

Mr. Herbert Spencer sees in modern Radical policy "The New Toryism;" and in his article under this heading, in the *Contemporary Review*, gives his reasons for his conclusions. Liberalism of old was a protest against the compulsory interference with the individual by the State; but, according to Mr. Spencer, "Nous avons changé tout cela."—To the same Review Miss Jennie J. Young contributes a very valuable and highly-suggestive paper on "Pottery, Old and New," which is an eloquent protest against the disastrous effect of imitation on Art, especially on Ceramic Art. "The potter, with a Greek model," she says, "is hidden behind it. We catch not the faintest glimpse of his features. We know him only as a man with fingers. We hardly think of him as filled with all kinds of potentiality, as possessing, perhaps, even a germ of greatness, and endowed with creative power."

Cardinal Newman, in the *Nineteenth Century*, informs us as to what he holds the Catholic doctrine to be "On the Inspiration of Scripture." He concerns himself solely with the question, "What have Catholics to hold and profess *de fide* about Scripture?" that is what it is the Church "insists" on their holding; and next by unreservedly submitting what he has written to the judgment of the Holy See, being more desirous that the question should be satisfactorily answered than that his answer should prove to be in every respect the right one.—Professor Huxley has an interesting paper on "The State and the Medical Profession;" and the Earl of Dunraven and Mr. Keibel contribute to political polemics anent "The House of Lords."

This month's *National Review* opens with a consideration of the "Plain Duty of the Opposition," which is a frank statement of what the writer takes to be the proper policy of the Conservative party during the present Session.—Among not the least interesting features in this number is an article on "The Boers," by the Lord Mayor. The paper is both historical and argumentative, and is vigorously written. The Lord Mayor alludes as follows to his official attitude towards the Boer delegates: "No doubt they have the sympathy of the Radical party, as the refusal to grasp their blood-stained hands has been stigmatised by their organs in the Press as a 'brutal' refusal. This is not a case in which the representatives of the Transvaal can be hailed as accredited by a friendly State. . . . It is a case where we are asked to receive the delegates of one of the most brutal, tyrannical, and oppressive Republics the world has ever seen."—Lord Eustace Cecil's paper on "Social Deterioration and Its Remedy" is not only interesting, but some of the facts he vouches for will be new and startling to a great many people. It is sad to learn, moreover, that the language of some of our senators has to be toned down by discreet reporters before it is fit for the eyes of a more virtuous public.

Professor Seeley and Mr. Forster find a powerful critic in Mr. John Morley, who writes in this month's *Macmillan* on "The Expansion of England." Mr. Morley does not believe in the

feasibility or possibility of a federation of English-speaking peoples. Mr. Forster has asserted that where there's a will there's a way; but Mr. Morley retorts, "Our position is that the will depends upon the way, and that the more any possible way of federation is considered, the less likely is there to be the will."—His line of thought is, that divergence of interest will prove much too strong for any sentiment of kinship to counteract it.

Among the sixpennies, *Time* holds its place, and is full of varied interest. The tale, "As Avon Flows," commenced by Mr. Vince in the February number, promises well.—The English poems are good in their way; and the Latin verses, which are to be a feature of the magazine, deserve a word of commendation. The subject, this month is "Africanus Memorivagus."—Mr. Montgomerie Ranking also begins, in the same magazine, an eloquent series of papers on "The Spirit of Mediæval Art."

In *Blackwood* we have a posthumous paper, entitled "The New Phædo," by the late George Henry Lewes, which he wrote in 1862, and had intended "as an introduction to a larger work which he was then contemplating." The article is in the form of dialogues between the author and his friends on the physiological and psychological problems bound up in the existence of the soul, and the relations that there are between mind and matter, and so on.—There is also a bright, vigorous poem on "Pessimism," by "J. S. B.," which should do good to Mr. Percy Greg; and a very vivacious story, "An Adventure in Southern Italy."

The new Socialistic organ in England continues to be vigorous in the assertion of its peculiar philosophy, whatever else it may be. The articles in *To-Day* are not feeble, but the steady treatment of every conceivable subject from one point of view tends to become monotonous; yet this will probably recommend it to the members of the new and fanatical political sect who will be its principal purchasers. Mr. Morris, notwithstanding his recent discomfiture in the columns of the *Standard*, returns to the charge with an article on "Art under Plutocracy," which he first delivered as a lecture at Oxford, and his conclusions are the reverse of those of ordinary men, who will be inclined to think that it is the accumulation of capital that has alone rendered even Mr. Morris's wall-papers possible. Perhaps the least polemical of all the essays is one by Mr. R. Gilbert on "The Crisis in Norway," which, at all events, whatever we may think of the writer's bias, is a clear statement of the political situation in the Scandinavian peninsula.—If we understand "H. S. S." aright, he would have Socialists avoid perusing the works of Lord Tennyson, since he has descended to a peerage. In the future he says, quoting Mr. Browning—

Songs may inspire us, not from his lyre.

There is a good deal of the unction that characterises sectarian journals of an inferior type in this periodical.

The etchings and engravings in this month's *Art Journal* are good. "The Ferryman's Daughter," etched by Ch. Courty, after L. E. Adan, is finely executed. The chiaro-oscuro is admirable. The energetic action of the girl is well expressed, and the figure is in vivid relief against the sunlit river. The workmanship is delicate, and neglectful of no detail.—There is also an excellent engraving by Charles Cousen of Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Returning to the Fold."—The article on the "Monastic Orders in German Art" will repay perusal. The illustrations are well chosen, and each charming in its way.

The *Birds* of Aristophanes, as put on the boards recently at Cambridge, supplies the subject for the frontispiece in this month's *Portfolio*. The scene, which is drawn by Mr. H. Gillard Glindoni, occurs at the beginning of the second act, where the priest (Mr. Benson) recites the Litany, "in which birds' names are mingled in ridiculous confusion with those of the ancient gods."—This number also contains a well-written and capably illustrated paper on "The Thames at Oxford," by Mr. Alfred Church. The etchings of Godstow Nunnery and of Ilfey Church by Mr. Alfred Dawson deserve a special word of commendation. Altogether, the *Art Journal* and the *Portfolio* are not likely to disappoint their readers this month.

The *Livre* this month contains an interesting article on "Jean Jacques Rousseau's Last Love," founded on an unpublished letter which M. Chantelauze found in a volume purchased at a bookstall. It is addressed to Lady Cecile Hobart, and if not genuine is a wonderfully clever imitation of Rousseau's style.—A brief sketch of the career of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and of the late M. Henri Martin, are also well worth reading.



FIRE, as it would seem, with the ambition of shining in far other fields of histrionic art than those with which playgoers associate his name, M. Marius made his appearance on Wednesday afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre, in the character of Ruy Blas, in an English version of Victor Hugo's play. As M. Fechter was very successful in this character, it may fairly be urged that M. Marius's French accent offered no necessary bar to his enterprise; but then M. Fechter's voice was of a grave and tender quality; whereas M. Marius's organ is decidedly of the robust comic order. We fear we must add that his figure and countenance are also against him, for though they have served him well in comic opera and farcical comedy, they are certainly not suggestive of romantic drama of the serious and even tragic kind. In a certain sense the actor's intelligence and experience may be said to have carried him through; but though he won abundant applause from a friendly audience, we cannot with a clear conscience say that his impersonation of Victor Hugo's glorified Jacques was altogether impressive; more than once, if the truth must be told, its pathos and tragic passion approached rather dangerously near to burlesque. M. Marius is understood to be desirous of giving up singing parts; and, if so, there seems no reason why he should not succeed in other ways; but it is clear that what his countrymen call the *grand premiers rôles* are not within his reach. M. Marius was well supported—notably by Miss Nelly Bromley as the Queen, and Mr. Fernandez as Don Sallust.

Miss Mary Anderson followed on Tuesday last the new and pleasing fashion of giving at the LYCEUM an actors' *matinée*. The performance of *Pygmalion and Galatea* and *Comedy and Tragedy* was witnessed by a crowded house, including nearly every actor and actress of any note now in London. As if stimulated to fresh exertions by so special an audience Miss Anderson played with more than her ordinary grace and power. Her reception was enthusiastic in the highest degree.

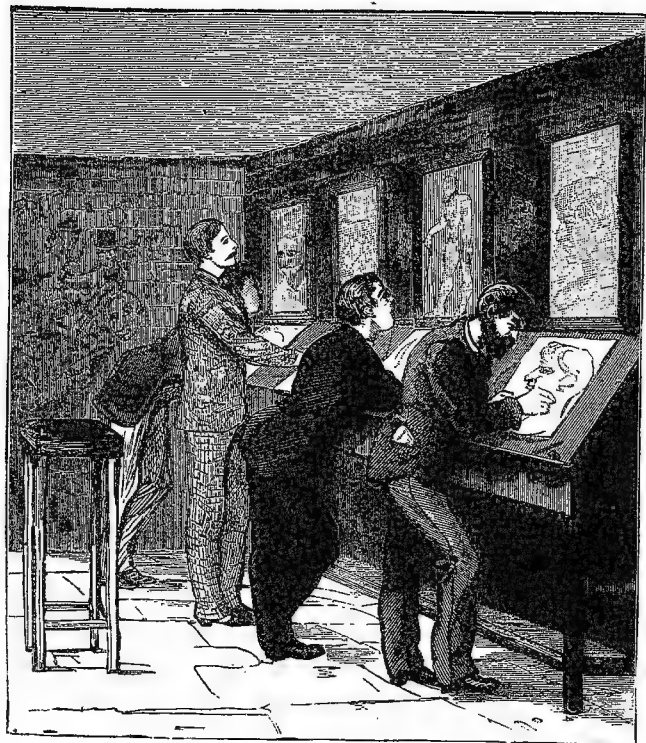
The pantomime at HER MAJESTY'S will be played for the last time this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. The morning performance, with other entertainments, will be devoted to the benefit of Mr. F. C. Leader, lessee and manager.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Princess Ida* was brought out at the FIFTH AVENUE Theatre, New York, on Monday. Though considered by American audiences to be weaker than its predecessors, the new comic opera was favourably received.

Mr. F. C. Barnard's burlesque of *Claudian* was produced at TOOLE'S Theatre on Thursday evening. We are compelled to postpone our notice until next week.

\* More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands" (Smith and Elder). 1884.





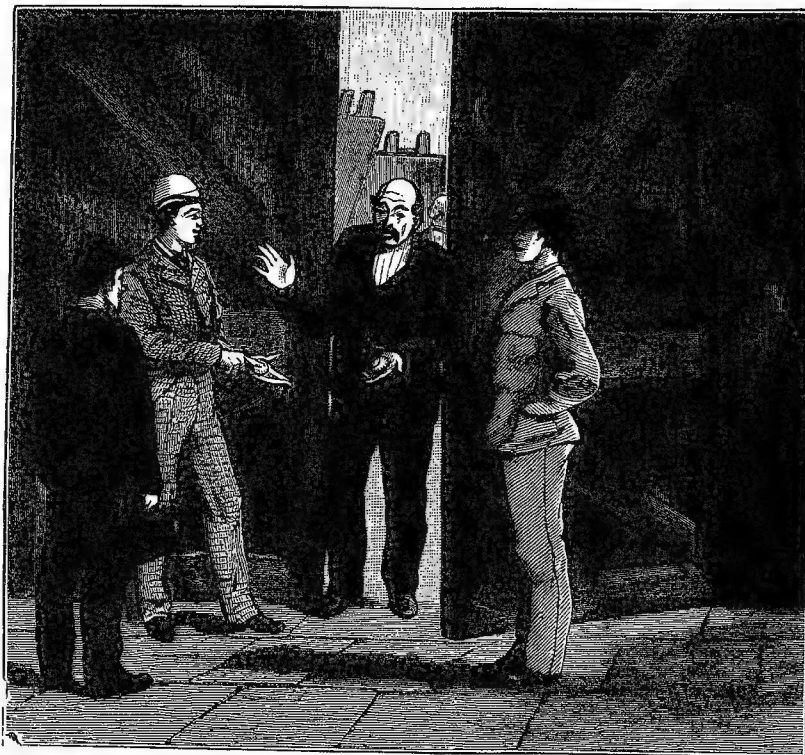
IN THE TEST ROOM



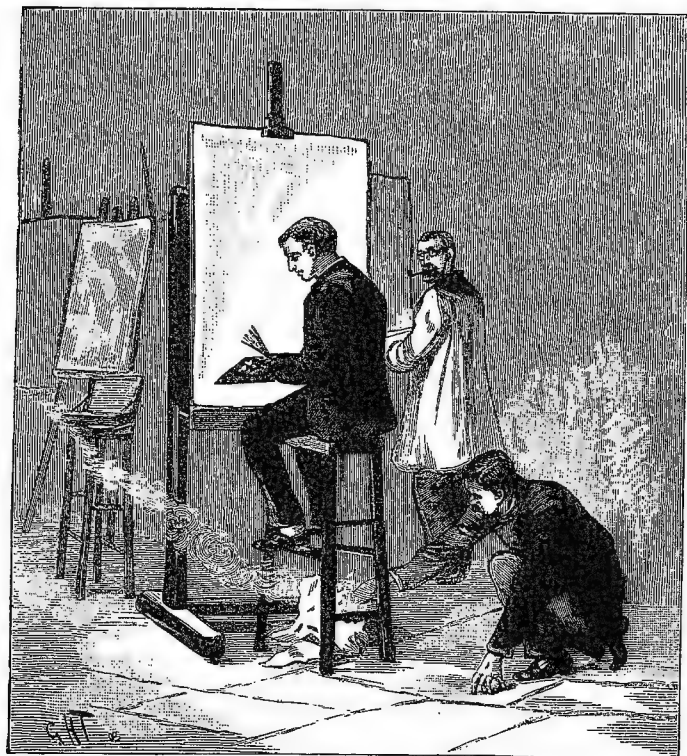
CHOOSING A MODEL



RELAXATION IN THE PAINTING-ROOM



TOO LATE



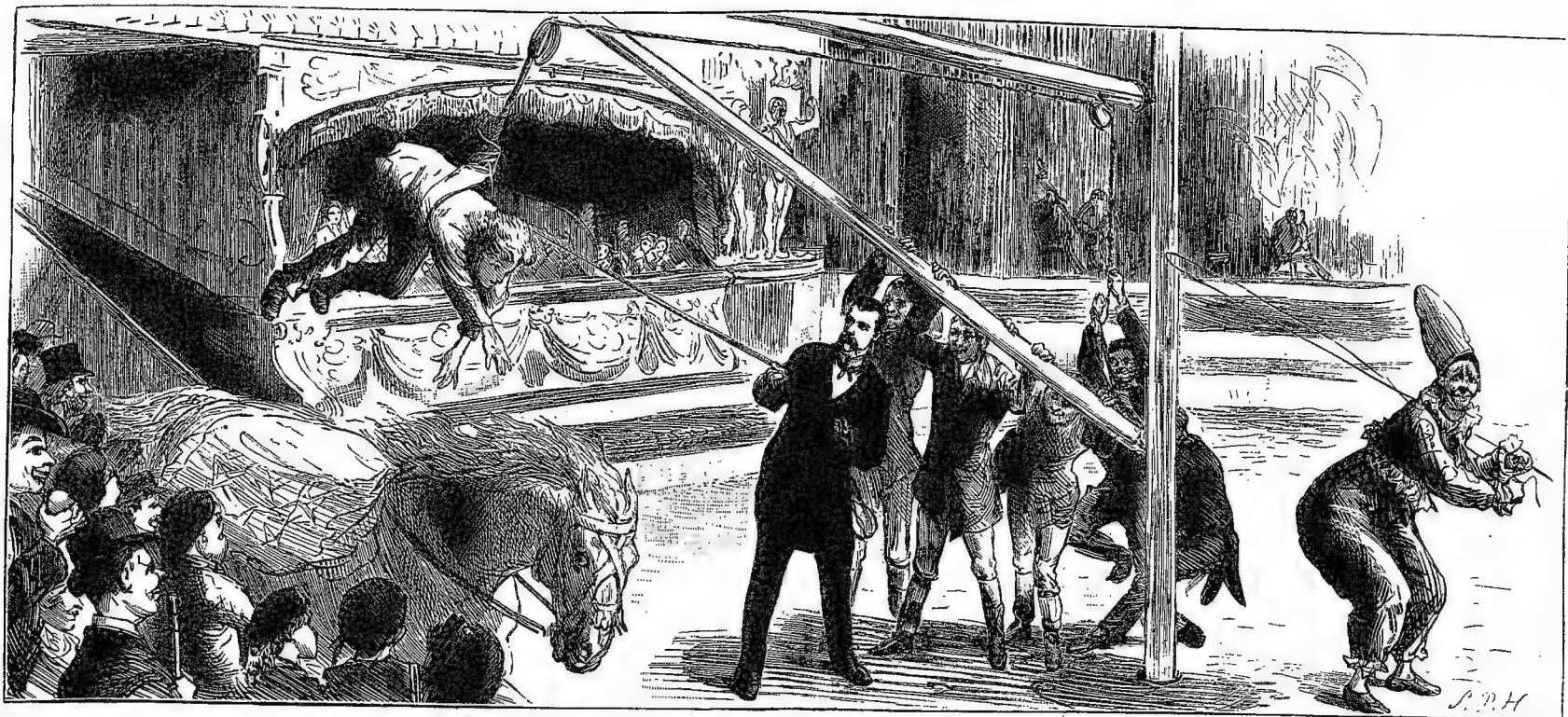
A NEW STUDENT: THE BONFIRE TRICK



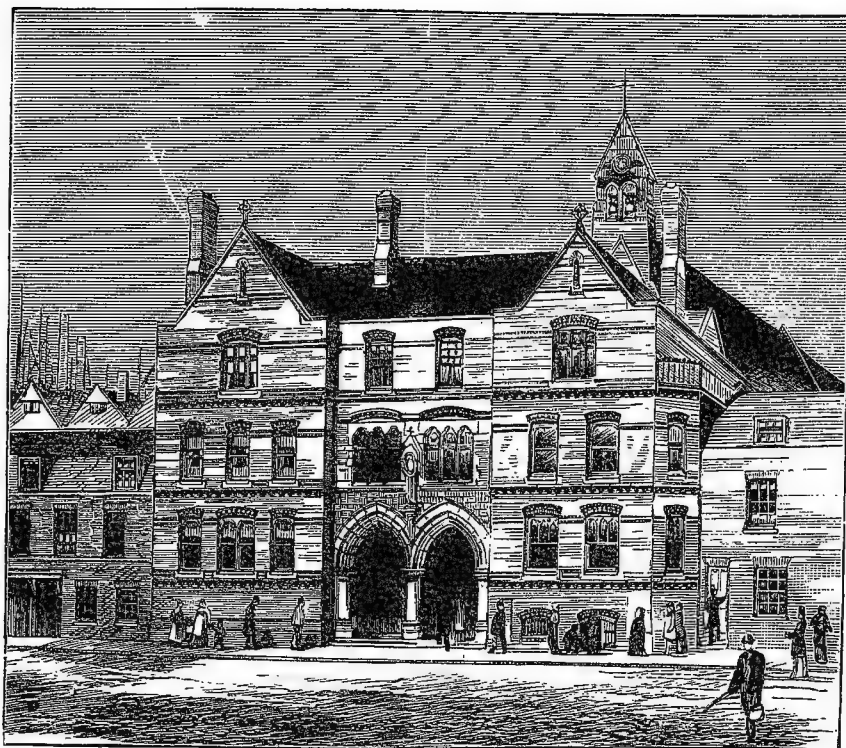
THE ANTIQUE ROOM: TAKING IT EASY

STUDENTS' LIFE IN A CONTINENTAL ART SCHOOL

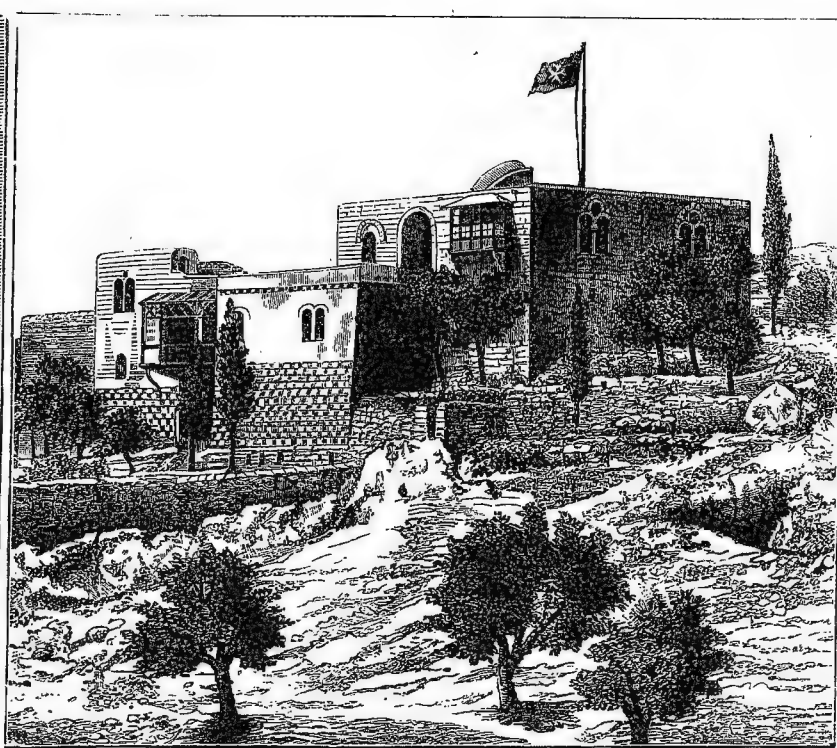




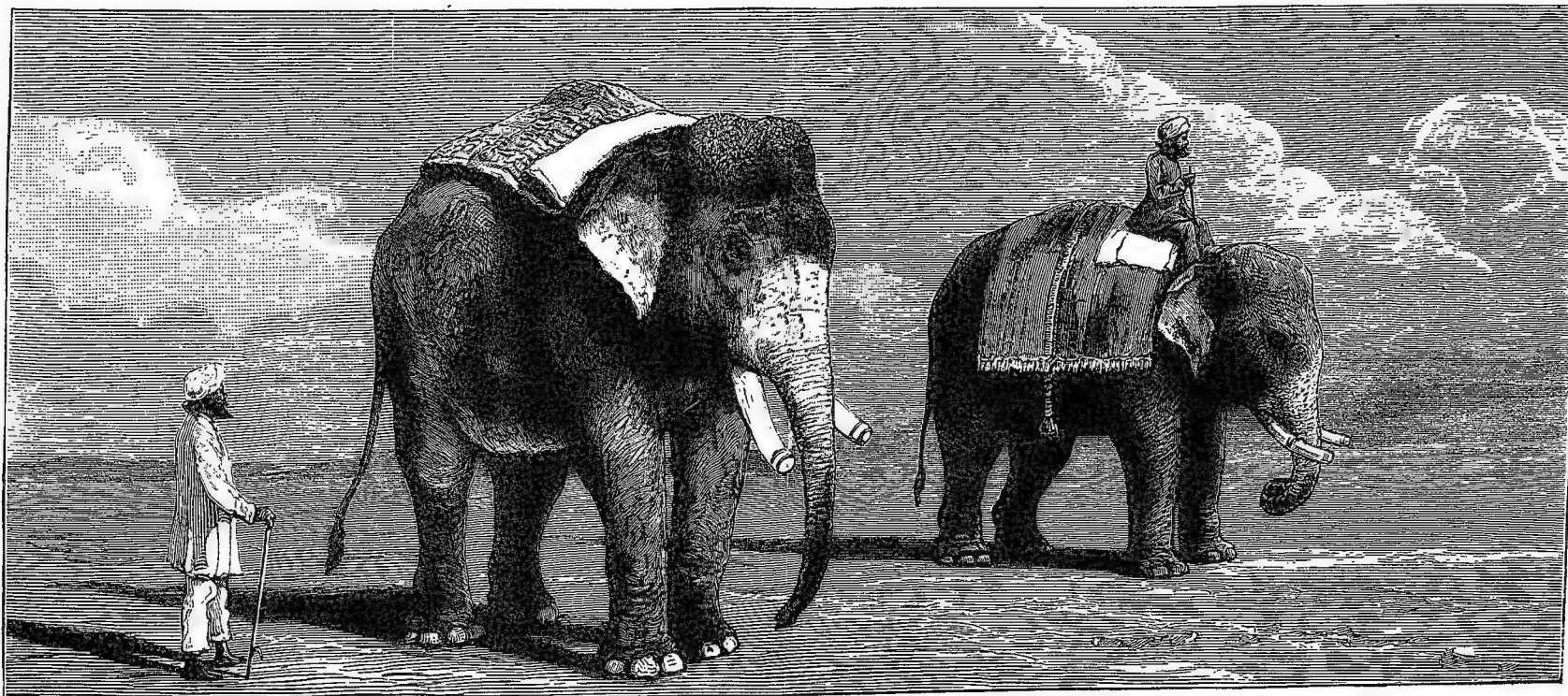
A RIDING-LESSON AT SANGER'S CIRCUS



THE LOWDER MEMORIAL CLERGY HOUSE, ST. PETER'S, LONDON DOCKS, OPENED BY EARL NELSON, FEBRUARY 9



BRITISH OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL AND HOSPICE OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN AT JERUSALEM



THE GREAT ELEPHANT CONTROVERSY—AN ELEPHANT BELONGING TO THE RAJAH OF PUTTIALA PRECISELY SIMILAR TO MR. BARNUM'S ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



Miss Kate Vaughan will, after the run of the pantomime at Drury Lane, commence an engagement in comedy and comedy-drama at the NOVELTY Theatre.

*Falka*, at the ROYAL COMEDY, will be performed for the 100th time, this day (Saturday).

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday next, February 18th, Mr. Corney Grain will give a new edition of an old sketch, entitled "Spring's Delights;" and on the same evening a new second part will be produced, entitled "A Double Event," from the joint pens of Arthur Law and Alfred Reed. Music by Corney Grain. "A Moss Ross Rent" will still retain its place in the programme.

### PICTURES OF CATHEDRAL CHURCHES

MR. WYKE BAYLISS has long been recognised as one of the most able of the few painters, English or foreign, who have made ecclesiastical architecture their especial study. A collection of nearly forty of his pictures in oil and water colour, now being exhibited at Messrs. Dowdell's Gallery, 133, New Bond Street, show him, however, to be an artist of wider range and more accomplished skill than the isolated examples of his work that have occasionally appeared in the Suffolk Street Exhibitions would lead one to suppose. The church interiors, of which the collection mainly consists, belonging to various countries and widely distant epochs, display infinite diversity of architectural character; and in every case the subject chosen has been treated in a manner that indicates the most appreciative perception of its especial beauty. Despite some technical shortcomings accordingly, these works are entitled to sincere commendation. Most of them want solidity and breadth of touch, and in some a certain infirmity of line and fineness of texture may be discerned; but in all, the architectural forms, however complicated, are designed with skill and complete knowledge. The Cathedrals of Coutances and Chartres have furnished Mr. Bayliss with subjects well suited to his style. The delicate tracery of the large rose window and the chancel screen in the one, and the finely-proportioned pillars and "high embowed roof" in the other, are delineated with almost unsurpassable accuracy. Both pictures, too, are distinguished by fulness of tone and truthful illumination. In the larger interior of "St. Mark's, Venice," the painter has treated a subject of a very different kind with almost equal success. The priests and acolytes, forming the procession in the foreground, might advantageously have been more correctly designed and more firmly painted, but notwithstanding this, and a slight tendency to unnecessary blackness in the shadows, the picture is impressive by reason of its low-toned harmony of colour and broad simplicity of effect. Although all the rich Byzantine decorations are reproduced with elaborate completeness the whole is in excellent keeping. Of the remaining oil pictures, the view of the "Abbaye aux Hommes" at Caen and the interior of "Milan Cathedral" are perhaps the best. Especially worthy of notice among the water-colours are "The Cloister of Chartres Cathedral," and the broadly-painted and very picturesque interior of "The Prisoners' Chapel, Mont St. Michel." The very large picture of "La Sainte Chapelle," at Paris, and "Westminster Abbey," though poor in tone and ineffective, are interesting as examples of elaborate and learned draughtsmanship.



**ATHLETICS.**—Following upon that of the Southern Counties, the Midland Counties Cross-Country Championship has been run off, the start and finish being on the Four Oaks Racecourse. No less than twelve clubs competed, and there were over a hundred runners. As expected, W. G. George, of the Moseley Harriers, came in an easy winner, with E. C. Carter, of the same club, second; but their fellow-clubsmen, W. Snook, could get no nearer than twenty-second. The famous club, however, had to put up with second place as the result of the contest, the Birchfield Harriers being the winners.—S. E. Myers, and some other crack American athletes, will pay us a visit this year in order to take part in the Amateur Championship Meeting at Birmingham, and other leading fixtures.—Weston has been suffering from a boil on the thigh; but has completed nearly 4,000 out of his 5,000 miles, still doing fifty each day; Sundays excepted.

**AQUATICS.**—Another sculling race has kept matters alive on the Thames; but the victory of Perkins, of Rotherhithe, over Wilkie, who may be called a Northern sculler, was gained in the easiest possible manner.—The Cambridge crew, after a fortnight's rest, has taken to work again, and, like the Oxford crew, will soon go into strict training. Good judges say that Oxford will be a strong favourite; at all events they have a most efficient stroke in Curry, which is half the battle.

**BILLIARDS.**—Those who were present at the Aquarium on Friday and Saturday last had a great treat in the match between D. Richards and W. J. Peall, 3,000 up, with spot stroke barred. It seemed for a long time that Richards, who got the lead at first,

would win easily, his score being 250 ahead of his opponent on the first night's play. On the second day matters varied a little, and eventually, Peall playing a splendid game, was only beaten "on the post," so to speak, by 16 points.

**CRICKET.**—Mr. Hornby has given up the idea of going on a cricketing expedition to America, owing to the difficulty he has found in getting together a representative team of amateurs.

The famous mare, *Callor Ou*, has just been laid low by "the friendly bullet," in her twenty-sixth year. She was a daughter of Stockwell and Haricot. Her head victory over Kettledrum, a hot favourite for the St. Leger of 1861, is one of the most memorable in the history of the Turf, as she started as an outsider at 1,000 to 15. In all she ran for ninety-eight races, and won exactly half. She has not been a great success at the stud.



THE PASTORAL COUNTIES have recently been thought to have a considerable advantage of the arable lands, the low prices obtainable for the produce of which formed the subject of our principal Note last week. It may be doubted, however, whether the Western side of England compares so favourably with the Eastern as has been perhaps generally imagined. The wholesale rates of beef and mutton are indeed still high, but they have fallen considerably since this time last year, and that without consumers obtaining the advantage which stimulates demand. To state matters plainly, butchers who were making scanty profits are now making large ones, and have been successful in shutting out the public from any share in the recent fall of wholesale prices. Graziers assert that since the strict cattle disease regulations came into force they have been placed very much at the mercy of dealers and butchers, for, if once put on sale in any public market, the animals must be disposed of, which circumstance is taken advantage of by those who buy, rings being formed to keep down prices. There are a great many graziers who bought in stock at high prices at Michaelmas, who, after feeding them for four months on expensive food, find them worth no more than the money originally paid for them. Sheep have fallen about seven shillings per head since Christmas, but the mild lambing season and the cheapness of food are to be set against the loss to farmers.

**AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.**—Under considerable pressure from the Chambers of Agriculture, the Government have at last given a promise that in future a collection of statistics will be made in the winter in order to ascertain as far as may be the yields of corn in each year. It is obvious that the estimates secured by private enterprise should not be the only returns at all procurable. The Central Chamber of Agriculture recommend that the returns of live stock should be collected twice a year, and also that some means should be taken to ascertain the actual product of meat.

**READING HORSE FAIR.**—This popular fair has just been held, when there was a large show of high-class animals, and buyers also being numerous, a good business resulted at the following prices:—Good horses for harness, 45gs. to 70gs.; roadsters and hacks, 30gs. to 40gs.; riding horses of good blood, 50gs. to 70gs.; saddle colts, 25gs. to 40gs.; ponies, 16gs. to 22gs.; cart-horses, 30gs. to 65gs.; and unbroken colts, 20gs. to 35gs. Well-bred hunters fetched 65gs. to 85gs. The good prices realised for horses, and the well-sustained demand, would appear to show that the landed and agricultural classes have still a little money in hand.

**ENSILAGE IN STAFFORDSHIRE.**—Mr. C. Byrd, of Littywood, near Stafford, has recently opened a silo which has turned out very satisfactorily. The cattle and sheep eat the ensilage freely. The silos were made in October of a second crop of rye-grass and clover, and a second cut of meadow grass, with some tares, the produce of about ten acres of land. It was all passed through the chaff-cutter, and thrown into a loose box and trodden in very solid, then covered over with some cut hay. Boards were then placed over it, and it was covered with soil to the depth of three inches, with a heavy weight of large stones put upon it. The process was as inexpensive and simple as it was efficacious. We hear from Limerick, from Pitsmoor, and from Harrogate, of similar successful experiments at these respective places.

**GARDENING.**—We have had the Art of the future and the music of the future. Now we are threatened with the gardening of the future. "Threatened," we say, because changes of the destructive order are so easily effected in the garden that the very idea of change is sufficient to conjure up apprehensions of a very serious character. It is suggested by a horticultural journal that calceolarias and geraniums must disappear, and a "word of warning" is addressed to the lobelia, the perilla, and the Virginian creeper. This, of course, is merely a beginning, but it will serve as an earnest of what will follow. For the calceolaria we have nothing to say, and but little for any ordinary geranium; still, a decree of absolute expulsion seems rather hard in the case of the latter plant, and, as to the Virginian creeper, it is difficult to see what objection can be taken to this deservedly popular favourite.

THE BLUE TITMOUSE is not a very formidable creature to look at, and the murderous character given to it by a correspondent must be understood to be strictly confined to its conduct with regard to bees. In the spring and summer, when other food is plentiful, the blue titmouse does not trouble the hive, but just at this season, when the spring has hardly yet begun, this little bird may be seen perched on the alighting-board of the hive, and tapping with his bill at the entrance till a bee appears. On the bee peeping out it is instantly snapped up and carried off. The titmouse is both careful and expeditious to an extraordinary degree, for while it always removes head, sting, legs, and wings before eating the bee, it is back at the hive six or seven times in ten minutes. A little piece of protecting wire will effectually defeat the crafty feathered foe.

LORD CARLINGFORD has at last abandoned the absurd idea that foot-and-mouth disease was either always known in England, or, if not here from prehistoric times, had been spontaneously evolved—presumably from a "plague cloud." So far so good; but is it not all but incredible that a twelvemonth of incessant agitation and the threatened defection of the entire agricultural interest have been necessary in order to convert the Government officials to a view which they could have learnt from any veterinary surgeon, or from half-an-hour's conversation with such men as Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Duckham, or Mr. Howard? Foot-and-mouth disease is an imported malady, and with proper precautions ought soon to become as extinct as the leprosy which came in from Syria after the Crusades.



THIS WEEK THE OLDEST OF HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES, Vice-Chancellor Sir James Bacon, entered his eighty-sixth year.

IN THE QUEEN'S DIVISION a very important judgment has been given on the application of the Duke de Vallombrosa, a foreign nobleman, for a criminal information against Mr. Labouchere, M.P., as the proprietor of *Truth*, in which journal aspersions allowed to be baseless had been thrown on the character and career of the Duke's late father. The gist of Lord Coleridge's elaborate written judgment was, that whatever may have been the practice in the past, the time has come for reverting to the old understanding on which criminal informations were granted—namely, that in a general way the applicant must be a public personage or official occupying such a position as to render it necessary, in the interests of the community, that an abnormal jurisdiction of the Court should be exercised for the refutation of the libellous charges made. On other grounds, such as that the person libelled was dead, and that the Duke de Vallombrosa is a foreigner, the application might have been rejected; but the importance of Lord Coleridge's judgment lies in its circumscription of the right to apply for a criminal information. The rule against Mr. Labouchere was discharged, though without costs. Mr. Justice Denman briefly dissented from the view that a criminal information should be refused to a private individual, supposing him, for instance, to be persistently persecuted by libellous attacks.

IN THE SAME DIVISION judgment has been given against Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, who virtually asked the Court to declare to be invalid the order of the House of Commons made last Session—or any future order to the same effect—directing his exclusion from the House until he should engage not further to disturb its proceedings. The Court held that to interfere with such an order was not within its competence.

OPENING THE ASSIZES AT CARDIFF, Mr. Justice Stephen, in his address to the Grand Jury, dwelt on the subject of Cremation in connection with the charge against Dr. Price, the modern Druid, formerly chronicled in this column. His Lordship was of opinion that cremation, if performed in a decent manner, was not illegal, and that Price had a right to dispose of the body of his dead child by burning it. If cremation created a nuisance it was indictable.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PARK CLUB, referred to previously in this column, Sir James Ingham has decided that it existed for the purpose of gambling, and that playing at baccarat is unlawful gambling within the meaning of the Act of Parliament. He imposed a fine of 500l. on the proprietor of the club and on each of the members of the committee, with one of 100l. on each of the players against whom summonses had been taken out.

CARELESS REPORTING.—Last week a case was reported from one of the suburban police courts, which called forth indignant comments in several newspapers, and was referred to by ourselves in a "Topic Note" headed "Fine v. Imprisonment." It was alleged that a girl aged thirteen, was charged with stealing milk, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, with the option of ten shillings fine and ten shillings costs, and that the Home Secretary remitted the whole of the sentence. It now seems that the girl was sixteen, not thirteen, that she had been previously convicted (we mentioned this, but some of the papers did not), and that she was sentenced (with the option of a fine) to fourteen days' imprisonment, of which Sir W. Harcourt remitted six days.

## TO FAT PEOPLE. OBESITY AND ITS CURE.

The following recent Extract from the leading Bradford paper, "The Bradford Daily Telegraph," will be of interest to those suffering from obesity:—

"Want of space will not permit us to enter fully into this interesting subject as we should have liked, nor can we follow Mr. R. through the exhaustive particulars of his remedy, but we give the salient points. He criticises the various so-called remedies, and calls attention to the fact that other cures, including Mr. Banting's and the others alluded to above, do not profess to do more than temporarily reduce fat, whereas he aims to effect an absolute cure, which is a most important consideration; secondly, his mixture to be taken simply a vegetable compound, containing no deleterious poison, and otherwise perfectly harmless. The medicine he describes as an agreeable, refreshing, and cooling anti-febrile invigorating tonic, which stimulates the digestive organs, contracts the muscular fibre of the stomach, and imparts vigour to the system, altering and improving the condition of the blood. It has no deleterious effect on the most delicate subject, promoting an invigorating and healthy action of the organs, and developing muscular power. It is most agreeable and refreshing to drink, which is another great advantage, and it appears that many ladies now adopt this drink at the table as a sort of corpulent prophylactic; and as a cure for gout and rheumatism it is certainly spoken highly of. The average reduction of weight appears to be about 3 or 4 lbs. a week, but as much as 8 lbs. has been lost in this time. He advises persons to commence his treatment and rid themselves of the disease, and not to discontinue it after the first temporary reduction of fat. He gives also his scale by which one can see how much they are in excess of their normal weight, which appears to be very useful. We think that every person who suffers from obesity should communicate with him." The following is the table of weights alluded to above:—

A person 5-ft. 0-in. in height should weigh	8-st. 0-lb.
" 5-ft. 1-in. "	8-st. 8-lb.
" 5-ft. 2-in. "	9-st. 0-lb.
" 5-ft. 3-in. "	9-st. 8-lb.
" 5-ft. 4-in. "	10-st. 0-lb.

A person 5-ft. 5-in. in height should weigh	10-st. 2-lb.
" 5-ft. 6-in. "	10-st. 8-lb.
" 5-ft. 7-in. "	11-st. 0-lb.
" 5-ft. 8-in. "	11-st. 8-lb.

A person 5-ft. 9-in. in height should weigh	11-st. 8-lb.
" 5-ft. 10-in. "	12-st. 0-lb.
" 5-ft. 11-in. "	12-st. 8-lb.
" 6-ft. 0-in. "	13-st. 0-lb.

From the "Portsmouth Times" and other well-known Newspapers:—

"Mr. Russell, as a specialist, is entitled to very great consideration. He advertises largely throughout the kingdom, and he is daily in receipt of hundreds of communications, and thus has the opportunity of gaining vast experience from the number of cases under his notice and treatment in this and other countries, enabling him to carefully calculate and note reductions of weight, and loss or gain of strength, health, &c., with an exactitude and facility quite beyond the reach of any ordinary medical man."

"We are glad to add our testimony as to the value of Mr. Russell's remedy for Corpulency. It has now become generally recognised as a valuable and efficacious formula for the cure of this uncomfortable disease, and it is satisfactory to know that many thousands have already made use of the prescriptions proffered gratis by Mr. Russell. The great advantage of this successful system is that not only is superfluous fat rapidly reduced, but Mr. Russell claims that the cure in most cases is a permanent one, and, of course, the value of a remedy that will effect this is not to be over-estimated, especially as medical men readily admit its thorough harmlessness. We are quite sure that we are doing right in calling our readers' attention to this matter, and willingly do so."

"With regard to the general effect of this medicine upon the health, the writers of these letters are certainly unanimous. Whenever the subject is referred to they one and all invariably speak with pleasure of the gradual disappearance of that feeling of depression which is so common with stout persons, especially after meals."

"The chief points claimed by Mr. Russell for the remedy he so indefatigably advocates are—firstly, its efficacy; secondly, its perfect harmlessness, being strictly vegetable; thirdly, a very important consideration indeed—it is very palatable, and makes an agreeable and exhilarating drink when diluted with water; and last, but not least, the remedy aims at a permanent cure, and is not simply at a temporary reduction of fat."

"Formidable though these claims may be, they certainly must be allowed, if we are to judge by the eminently satisfactory letters so different from the studied and stereotyped 'testimonials' which seem nowadays to be so plentiful which we have had submitted to us. From these letters it seems that three, four, and five pounds weekly reduction is about the usual thing, while all agree that the preparation compounded from Mr. Russell's formula is quite 'nice' to take, and, from its tonic properties, very strengthening and generally conducive to health."

"It is somewhat out of the province of a morning journal to endorse an innovation of this description, but we have good reason for doing so, and we cannot but commend Mr. Russell for his persevering and praiseworthy efforts to make the remedy known; we therefore take this opportunity of giving it further publicity, in order that those of our readers who consider themselves in need of the prescription thus freely offered may obtain it, and avail themselves of it. For the benefit of such, we should mention that it may be obtained gratis of Mr. F. C. RUSSELL, of 15, Gower Street, London, W.C."

Particulars of the Remedy referred to above, containing THE RECIPES and other useful information, will be forwarded gratis on Receipt of Stamped Envelope. Address—

MR. F. C. RUSSELL, 15, GOWER STREET LONDON, W.C.













DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

A wag, with a burnt cork, was about to mark his upper lip and cheeks with black moustachios and whiskers.

## DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

### CHAPTER VII.

(Continued)

THE morning of the day when I was first to see Lord Derwentwater broke cold and rainy. But as the day advanced the clouds blew over, and we had that rare thing in February, a bright, cloudless, and sunny day. What mattered a cold wind and a sharp frost? Northumberland, the brave old county, would show her best despite the winter season. Often I think that winter hath charms of its own, especially in the woods, though the poets have resolved on singing the praise of spring and summer. It is true that there are no flowers and few birds, yet when the dead leaves hang, that is, when the trees are thick, there are all kinds of pleasant colours. One who had travelled much in America once assured Mr. Hilyard that in the autumn and early winter the forests are all ablaze with crimson, yellow, and red leaves of the maple tree (from which also he pretends that they make sugar, but one may not believe travellers' tales). There are places in Northumberland, and especially in the hanging woods beside the Tyne, where this beauty may also be observed. Methinks it is also a beautiful thing to watch the snow upon the branches, each one seeming like a stick of ice, and all together showing like the finest lace of Valenciennes. The contemplation of things beautiful fills the heart with joy, and raises the mind to Heaven; but we simple women, who can feel greatly, are slow and imperfect of speech; it needs such a poet as Milton (whom most of all I love now that youth and joy are past) to put into words the meaning of our thoughts. However, I was glad and thankful that such a day had been vouchsafed for my Lord's return, nothing doubting but that his heart, too, would be uplifted on seeing his own woods and towers lying in the light of such a sun and such a clear blue sky.

We observed no order or time in setting forth. Some of the younger gentlemen mounted after breakfast and rode off along the road to Newcastle, intending to meet my Lord's party early; others went off leisurely, proposing to halt at Dilston, two miles or so from Hexham. We, for our part, waited till after dinner, judging that the Earl would not arrive before three o'clock at earliest.

Mr. Patten, whom I disliked from the first, perhaps because Mr. Hilyard regarded him with so much aversion, rode with us. That is to say, he rode beside Mr. Hilyard and behind us, but as if he belonged to our party. This is the way with those who desire to increase their own importance; they pretend to friendship with one man in order to obtain the patronage of another. By riding with Mr. Forster, the man Patten gave himself an excuse for welcoming

a nobleman with whom he had no manner of concern or business.

When we had ridden past the bridge at Dilston, where there was a great concourse of people waiting, we left Mr. Patten behind, but we were joined by old Mr. Errington, of Beaufront, a wise and prudent gentleman, whose counsels ought to have guided the party five years later, but he was overruled. We naturally talked of the young Earl.

"I am very sure, Tom," said Mr. Errington, "that we have in my Lord a pillar of strength. He will be to the loyal gentlemen of the North as much as the Duke of Argyll to the Whigs of Scotland. I have it on the best authority that, although brought up in France, he is an Englishman; though a Catholic, like myself, he is as zealous for liberty as you can be; an adherent to the Prince, yet one who desires not violence, but rather the return of the nation to common sense and loyalty; one who will conciliate and bind all of us together, so that we shall become a solid party, and in the end triumph even in the House of Commons."

This, in the year 1710, was the earnest prayer of all moderate men and those who had much to lose.

"With submission, sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "I would ask what advices your Honour hath received respecting the temper of London?"

"Nothing, Mr. Hilyard, but what is good. The Queen is well disposed towards her mother; the Tories are confident; there is talk of a peace; the Whigs and Dissenters are terrified. But our time may not come yet."

"The will of London," said Mr. Hilyard, "is the will of the nation."

"And, if fight we must," Tom cried, "the Earl can raise a thousand men."

"We shall not fight," said Mr. Errington. "We will have a bloodless revolution, such a Restoration as that of King Charles the Second, when he rode from Dover to London through a lane of rejoicing faces. I know not, Mr. Hilyard, that London is so powerful as you would have us believe. But already the country is with us, and the clergy, as in duty bound. And the most that either party can say of the towns is that they are divided."

A bloodless Restoration! It was, as I said, the dream of the better sort. But the Catholics forgot the terror of the Smithfield fires, which the people will never forget, from generation to generation, so long as England remains a country. The martyrs have made it impossible for a Papist ever again to rule over us.

"As for us," said Mr. Errington, "we know very well, and do

not disguise from ourselves, that in the present temper of the people the Prince, when he returns, must choose his Ministers and advisers, not from ourselves, but from his Protestant supporters. Lord Derwentwater may remain his Sovereign's private friend, but can never become a member of his Government. It is to you, Tom, and such as you, that the King must turn."

"It is what I am always telling Mr. Forster," said Mr. Hilyard. Mr. Forster replied, with a blush of satisfaction and the gravity which the subject demanded, that he was very much of Mr. Errington's opinion that, whether he himself should be found competent to become a Minister or not, a Protestant country must have a Protestant Ministry, and that, begging Mr. Errington's pardon, when the priest walks in the King and his people fall out.

So we rode along slowly, for the way is none of the best, in such discourse until about three o'clock or so, and a mile or two beyond Dilston we heard a great shouting, and pricking our horses, we presently came upon a party of those who had ridden on before. They were now drawn up in a double line, and beyond this, his hat in his hand, my Lord himself rode in advance of his party to meet his friends. No Prince or Sovereign in Europe but would have been moved and gratified by so noble a reception as the young nobleman received from the gentlemen who had thus ridden forth to meet him.

The path at this place is but a beaten track over the turf and level ground south of the river, which is here broad and shallow, with islets and long tongues of sand; there was an old angler in mid-stream, with rod and fly, careless (or perhaps he was deaf) of what this great shouting might mean which he seemed not to hear. The ground is flat and covered with a rough coarse grass; southward rise the gentle hills, clothed with the woods which everywhere, except on the moors and the Cheviot, enrich the landscape of Northumberland, and form its boast. It was on this field that we received my Lord.

It is nearly five-and-twenty years ago. If Lord Derwentwater were living he would now be a man of forty-six, still in the full force and vigour of his manhood. Would he still remember (but he must) that afternoon in February when, with his hat off, and the setting sun full in his face, making it shine like the face of Moses upon the Mountain, he rode through that lane of gentlemen? As for myself, I saw more than I expected in my dreams. He was always the Prince of a fairy story; such as was the Childy Wynd who transformed the loathly Worm of Spindlestone, so was he: or as King Arthur sitting under Dunstanburgh, ever young and glorious, so was he. But the Prince of my dreams was a plain country



gentleman, and before me was a gentleman of a kind I had never imagined, more courtly, more handsome, more splendid. There are some men who are called handsome by reason of a certain uniformity of feature (which may be carved with a chisel out of a piece of stone); there are many who for a single good feature, a straight nose, the pleasing curve of a mouth, an agreeable smile, a bright eye, may be very justly called pretty fellows. But all are agreed in calling Lord Derwentwater the handsomest of men. There are also some men, but very few, to whom has been given that remarkable gift of commanding admiration, of compelling affection, and establishing firm confidence at the very first aspect and appearance of them. Such was my lord. For my own part, I know of no other men of all those who have lived in this eighteenth century whose face is so well remembered even twenty years and more after his death. Why, there is not a woman, over thirty, within twenty miles of Dilston or Hexham, who, at the mere mention of his name or recollection of his face, doth not instantly fetch a sigh and drop a tear in memory of the handsome lord.

For those who never had the fortune to see him in the flesh, it is necessary to state that his face was full, with features well proportioned; his nose long, and finely cut; his eyes grey of colour and large (the large eye, they say, betokens the generous heart); I have myself seen those eyes so full of love, pity, and tenderness, that it makes the memory of them fill my own with tears; his forehead was high and square—Mr. Hilyard says that men with such foreheads, when they are born in humble circumstances, take to study and become philosophers, theologians, and great scholars, instancing his own forehead as an example, which is broad indeed, but lacking the dignity which sat upon the brow of the young Earl; his chin was round and large—a small chin or a chin which falls back, says Mr. Hilyard, is a sign of weakness and irresolution; a deserter, coward, runaway, or informer should be painted with a retreating chin (Mr. Patten's chin was such, which proves the statement). As for my lord's lips they were firm and well set, yet of the kind which betray passion and agitation of the mind, so that those who knew him well could at all times read in the movements of his lips the emotions of his soul. Every feature in the face, according to Mr. Hilyard, corresponds to some virtue or defect in the soul. Thus, if one have thick lips, thrust forward, like Mr. Patten, one may be expected to be like him, a self-seeker, chatterer, mischief-maker, and betrayer of honest folk. My lord's complexion was fair, and, before his hair was shaved, his head was adorned with clusters of brown curls. There is, one must admit, a great deal to be said in defence of the perruque, such as cleanliness, comfort, ease (a woman, for instance, must sit for hours to have her head dressed, while a man may send his wig to the barber's, and sit at home meanwhile in a comfortable nightcap); also a gentleman by the splendour of his wig partly announces his rank, while a mere tradesman or mechanic goeth with his own hair. Yet there must be something pleasing, as in a statue or old picture, in the short curls of manhood such as grace the brows of Apollo, Adonis, or Antinous, not one (so far as I know, but I never consulted Mr. Hilyard on this point) of whom is represented as wearing a wig. We are mere slaves and toys of fashion, and, no doubt, had it been the custom of their day, Venus and the Graces would have worn a hoop, and dressed their hair in a commode, while Apollo would have played upon the lute in a full-bottomed wig, even if he had nothing else to put on.

In short, the countenance of Lord Derwentwater indicated a soul full of dignity, benevolence, and sweetness. So it looked to me the first time that ever I looked upon it; so it proved to be, so long as I knew it; so it seemed to me the last time—oh! most sad and sorrowful time!—that I saw it. There never was any human face in which the great virtues of humanity and kindness were more brightly illustrated than in the face of this young gentleman.

Behind the Earl rode his two brothers, Francis and Charles. The former was of smaller stature than the elder brother, and held his head down as if in thought—but it was his habit to go thus looking upon the ground. When he lifted his eyes one saw that they were strangely sad, and on his face there rested always a cloud, for which there was no reason save that he was, like his uncle, of a melancholic temperament from his youth upwards; and his eyes had always a look in them as of one who expects misfortune. To such men misfortune comes; it is said that the look of impending misfortune may be read in the eyes of all the Stuarts, the Royal House which the Fates—or rather the Furies—have persecuted with strange malevolence. Can it be that the future of a man may be read in his eyes as in the palm of his hand? I know not; but Jenny Lee, my maid, the little gipsy witch, dropped strange prophetic hints about these young men, for which I rebuked her, even before she read their hands. As for Charles, the youngest of the three (now an exile in France), he was as yet but a lad of sixteen, well-grown and handsome, wore his own brown hair, and was as handsome as his eldest brother, yet in a different way. Those who can read fate in the eyes may have read his there, but to the rest of us they were brave and merry eyes, belonging to a young man who neither looked for evil nor feared it, and certainly never anticipated it; a brave, impetuous creature, as full of fancies and whims as any girl, as hot-headed as a Highlander; no lover of books or reading, yet a lad who had a great deal of knowledge, and forgot nothing. As he read so little, one must needs conjecture that he picked up his knowledge as the birds pick up their crumbs, bit by bit from conversation. Thus, though no scholar, he began very soon to be curious about the Roman remains, ancient ruins, and the antiquities of the county, so that he must needs ride over to Chollerford with Mr. Hilyard to see the old bridge and the wall, and discourse with him on moat and tower, and the uses of the wall, as if he had been a great student.

The mud and dust of travel had stained their clothes, but still the three brothers were much more richly dressed than our plain gentlemen, who for the most part wore plain drab or plush coats, with silver buttons, their linen not always of the freshest, their ruffles generally torn, and their wigs undressed. But then there is not much money among these younger sons, so that these things go unregarded. Nevertheless, I saw more than one looking with envy on the gold-laced hats and the embroidered scarves of the Earl and his brothers.

Well, there was, to be sure, a great shouting as my Lord rode slowly through this lane, shaking hands with every man in turn. He knew the names and families, though not the faces, of all, and could give each a kindly speech, with his Christian name, as if he had been an old friend separated only by a month or two. Presently it came to our turn, and he bowed very low and kissed my hand, saying a pretty thing about the good omen of being welcomed by the beautiful Dorothy Forster, and that if she would extend her friendship to him he should indeed be happy. "I fear, my lord," I said, being confused with so much compliment, "that you take me for my aunt, Lady Crewe."

"Nay," he said, "I take you for no other than yourself; although I know, believe me, of that elder Dorothy, once the flame of my father." And then more compliments, which may be omitted, because they were framed in pure kindness, and intended to please a girl who certainly never had many pretty things said to her before, though she knew very well that many gentlemen, she thought to please her brother, called her the beautiful Dorothy.

My lord had been from infancy in the Court of St. Germain's, where, although there were many English gentlemen and their sons, French was commonly talked. He had also had French servants and valets, and lived among a people talking nothing but their own language. It is not, therefore, wonderful that he not only talked

French as well as English, but also spoke his own language with a slight foreign accent. This very soon wore off (changing into the Northumberland burr), together with a certain shyness which marked him during the early days when he knew nothing of his friends except by name, and found them, as he afterwards confessed to me, different, indeed, from his expectations; that is to say, less polished in their manners, and more loyal in their friendships. Could a gentleman have higher praise? And is not loyalty better than a fine manner, however well we are pleased with it?

"And this," said my lord, "I dare swear, is my cousin, Tom Forster of Bamborough."

"No other, my lord," cried Tom, heartily, "and right glad to see you home again."

Presently all rode back together, the younger men still shouting, and the elders riding soberly behind the Earl, I having the honour of riding on his right hand, and Mr. Errington on his left, while Tom rode with Frank and Charles Radcliffe. It was wonderful to observe how my lord knew all of them, and their private affairs and estates, and their position in the county. Indeed, by his father's orders—his mother caring nothing about such matters—he had been instructed most carefully in the history of the Northumberland families. It was an amiable and even a prince-like quality in him, as it had been in his grandfather, Charles the Second, never to forget the faces of those whom he met. I suppose that, had he chosen to exercise the power, he might also, like his Royal cousin, and by right of descent, have touched for the king's evil. Certainly the disloyal usurper, the Duke of Monmouth, did so.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and the short February day was drawing to a close. But the people who had come so far were not tired of waiting, and we found them all upon the bridge ready to shout their honest greeting. An honest and hearty crowd. Among them were not only some of the Earl's cousins—there was never a Radcliffe without a cloud of cousins—and Lord Widdrington, with his brothers and others of this company from Hexham, but also the tenants and farmers and a great company of miners, rough and rude fellows, with bristly beards and shaggy coats, who had trudged across the moor from Allendale. They were gathered together on the bridge, with pipers and a drum. When the procession came in sight, you may fancy what a noise, with the music and the shouting, was raised, and what a waving and throwing of hats, and how the younger men in their joy, after the manner of young men, did beat and belabour one another. The Earl stopped and looked about him. These hundreds were assembled to give him welcome home. It is such a sight as brings the tears into a young man's eyes; it was the first time, perhaps, that he understood his own power; the visible proof of it dazzled and moved him—remember this, I pray you. Now, had he been brought up among all these people, he would have been familiar with his greatness from the beginning, and so might have grown hardened in heart, as happens to many who come to their estates in boyhood. This was not his case; and he was ever full of compassion for those who were his tenants, his dependents, and his servants. When the end came he spared them; he would not lead them out to the destruction which he wrought for himself, and from a mistaken sense of honour, though with a heavy heart. I say that at the sight of these rude and hearty people the tears came into the young Earl's eyes and fell down his cheeks. I, who was nearest to him, saw them, and treasured the memory of them in my heart.

These rude miners, these sturdy farmers, these rough fellows, with their strange speech unfamiliar to him, were his own people, not his serfs and slaves. They were bound to him by no cruel laws of service, as the wretched people of France; yet, at his bidding, they would rise to a man and follow him. The Radcliffes were no country tyrants and oppressors of the poor. From father to son they were always a kindly race, who dealt generously with the people, and reaped their reward in the affection and the loyalty of their tenants and dependents. Perhaps Lord Derwentwater, as he gazed upon the sea of faces, remembered that he might some day bid them take pike and firelock and follow him. I, for one, am ashamed to say that this was in my thoughts; and so, I am sure, it was in the thoughts of others in the company, who looked on the Earl as nothing but the possible leader of so many hundred men, and the owner of vast wealth, which was to be at the service of the Cause.

Then we rode across the bridge, and so up the steep lane which leads to the great avenue of Dilston Hall; and, beyond the avenue, the little bridge across the Devilstone, its water, then foaming white, rushing down the dark and narrow channel between rugged rocks covered with green moss and (but not in March) with climbing plants, and arched over with trees, such as larch, alder, birch, and rowan. Behind us tramped and ran the crowd, all shouting together, with such a tumult as had not been seen since last the Scottish marauders attacked the town of Hexham; and that was long enough ago, and clean forgotten.

At the doors of the castle the Earl's nearest relations stood ready to receive him. The first to greet him were his aunts, the Ladies Katherine and Mary Radcliffe, the sisters of the late Earl. They were not yet old, as Northumberland counts age, but certainly stricken in years, and perhaps neither of them under fifty. Both were dressed alike, and wore simple black silk frocks, with plain satin petticoats, high stomachers, and a great quantity of lace on their sleeves; also they had on long white kid gloves, and their hair was carefully dressed in high commodes, on the top of which was more lace, which gave them a nun-like appearance. Everybody knows that they hesitated all their lives whether or no to enter a convent, but in deference to their spiritual adviser remained without those gloomy walls, and yet practised, besides the usual Christian virtues, as to which many ladies of lower rank will not yield to them, the rules of some strict sisterhood, in virtue of which they rose early, and even in the night, to pray in the chapel, fasted very frequently, and went always in terror whether, by taking an egg on a Friday, or sugar to their chocolate, or cheese in Lent, they were not endangering their precious souls. I laugh not at them, because they lived up to the light of their consciences, and according to the laws laid down by their confessor. Yet I am happy in having had the plain Rule of Life laid down for me by my Prayer Book, the late Lord Bishop of Durham, and, in these recent years, by Mr. Hilyard. I need no confessor, and my conscience is at peace within me, whatever I eat or drink, thereby imitating the example of Saint Peter. However, these were great ladies, who thought much of the example they were setting to other women; they were proud and stately in their bearing, yet kind of heart; in appearance they were so much alike that at first one did not distinguish them. Lady Katherine was the elder, and she was perhaps more lined and crossed in the face than her sister.

A pretty sight it was to see these two ladies trembling when their nephews approached, looking from one to the other of the three gallant young men who stood before them, and turning at length to the tallest and bravest of the three, who stepped forward and bent his knee, kissing their hands, and then kissing their cheeks.

"James," cried Lady Katherine, "you are like my father more than your own."

"Nay, sister," said Mary, "he is also like our brother. Nephew, you are welcome home. Stay with your own people; a Radcliffe is best in Northumberland; stay among us, and marry a North Country girl. And these are Frank and Charles. My dears, you are also very welcome. Remember, we are English here, not French."

So they, too, saluted their aunts, and then Lady Swinburne followed, and after her Sir William, who, as he bade his cousin welcome to his own, loudly expressed the hope that nothing would be attempted by the Earl or his friends which would endanger so

noble a head or so great an estate, adding that he knew there were many about who would endeavour to make his lordship a stalking-horse; that he was young as yet, and inexperienced; and that he commended him to follow the counsels of his father's old friend, Mr. Errington. To this Lord Widdrington responded with a loud Amen and a profane oath, saying that as for danger, if all who were in the same boat would only pull together, and with a will, there would be no danger.

So, one after the other, all had been presented to the Earl, and we were beginning to wonder what would come next, when we saw the Reverend Mr. Patten stepping forwards with an air of great importance. He bowed very low, and said that he had the honour to represent the Protestant Church of England and the clergy of Northumberland. (This shows the pushing, lying nature of the man, who had been in his Vicarage but a few months, and was unknown to the clergy, except that he was once Curate at Penrith.) In their name he bade his lordship welcome. Speaking as a High Churchman and Tory, he said that he, in common with most, desired nothing so much as to be delivered of the goddess; meaning, I suppose, the Whigs. And that, as for those who wished to transfer the succession to the House of Hanover, he could say, from his conscience:

Confounded be these rebels all  
That to usurpers bow,  
And make what Gods and Kings they please,  
And worship them below.

He said a good deal more—being applauded by some and regarded by others as an impertinent intruder. I was pleased to contrast this officiousness with the modesty of Mr. Hilyard, who stood without, not presuming to be presented to my lord, or to address him; yet, if he had spoken, he would certainly have delivered a very fine discourse, full of Latin quotations and reference to ancient authors.

"I thank you, sir," said my lord, coldly, when this person had quite finished; "but for this evening, indeed, we will have nothing of politics or the goddess, or of Whigs and Tories." This he said partly to rebuke the impertinent zeal of Mr. Patten, and partly to silence certain noisy gentlemen, including the notorious Dick Gascoigne and Jack Hall, who were loudly boasting of what would happen now that his lordship was at home. One may truly say that there was hardly a moment from the time of the Earl's return when he was allowed to rest in peace, from the day he returned to the day when he left his Castle for the last time; their intention being always to keep before his lordship, and never suffer him to forget, that he was considered the head and chief of the Prince's adherents in the North, and that his approval was taken for granted whatever was hatched. Those who were for open rebellion reckoned that he would without hesitation join the first rising whenever and wherever that was attempted; as for those who were for patience and making the party strong, they knew that they could perfectly depend upon him. In reality, however, it was perfectly well understood that the Earl desired above all things, and was desired by the leading men of the party, to keep himself retired and apart from politics until the time came when, like an important piece in the game of chess, he could move with the best effect.

It would have been more consonant with his ambitions had he been born a mere private gentleman, able to live out his days in peace, and in the exercise of good works. But then, as Mr. Hilyard truly said, it is not every great man who is suffered by his friends, like Diocletian, after making Rome the metropolis of the whole world, by a voluntary exile to retire himself from it, and to end his days in his own secluded days, a gardener and private gentleman in Dalmatia; or like Scipio, to build his house in the midst of a wood. Lord Derwentwater would have imitated this great Roman had it been permitted. It is, however, the misfortune of the Great that the grandeur and eminence of their state will not permit them to taste for long the felicities of a private life. "An Earl's coronet in quiet times," said Mr. Hilyard, "is like unto a king's crown." Few of them are so soft-lined but they sit heavy on the wearer's brow."

When my lord and his brothers retired to change their travelling dress, Colonel Radcliffe invited the whole company to a supper, or banquet, which would be shortly served in the Great Hall. This was, of course, expected. Presently the brothers returned, dressed in a fashion suitable to their rank. The Earl had a peach-coloured satin coat, lined with white, a flowered silk waistcoat, a crimson scarf, white silk stockings, and red-heeled shoes with diamond buckles. He gave his hand to his aunt, Lady Katherine. Lord Widdrington followed with Lady Mary, Francis Radcliffe with Lady Swinburne, Charles with Madam Errington, Sir William with myself, and the rest after us in due order and such precedence as their age and rank allowed.

I think there never was a more joyful banquet than this; perhaps the cooks were not equal to those of Paris, but I am sure that by the guests nothing better could have been desired or expected. Of ladies there were only the five I have named. I was pleased to observe at the bottom of the table Mr. Hilyard, who was proposing to retire as, not being a gentleman of the county or by birth, he was right in doing, but Colonel Radcliffe, who knew him well, insisted on his coming in, and placed him at the table beside himself.

It was Mr. Errington who proposed the health of his lordship. He reminded those present who were of his own age that it was already twenty years since a Radcliffe had lived in Dilston Hall, and more than that length of time since so large a company had met together under its roof. He then spoke of the young Earl's education, and averred his belief that, though brought up in France, he had remained an Englishman at heart, and had brought from that country nothing but the politeness of its nobles and the gallantry of its people,—qualities, he said, which, added to the courage of the English bulldog and his own generous nature as a true Radcliffe, could not but command the affections and respect of all. He would have said more, but the gentlemen would listen no longer, and, springing to their feet, drained their glasses, and shouted so that it did your heart good to hear them. I am quite sure there was never a hypocrite or pretender among them all (save Mr. Patten), so hearty and so unfeigned was their joy to receive this comely and gallant gentleman among them.

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, when they suffered him at length to speak, and when his voice returned to him, for he was choked almost with the natural emotion which was caused by so much heartiness, "Gentlemen, I know not how to thank you sufficiently; indeed, I have no words strong enough for my thanks. I am an untried stranger, and you treat me as a proved friend. Yet we are kith and kin; we are cousins all; our ancestors stood shoulder to shoulder in many a Border fight; so let us always stand together. And as for what my cousin, Sir William, said just now, it is truly the wish of the Prince that no rash or ill-considered enterprise be taken in hand."

Then he sat down, saying no more, for he was a man of few words. And, while the gentlemen shouted again, the ladies left the board, and went away to talk by themselves about his lordship and his two brothers.

Meantime, outside, the common sort, unmindful of the cold, were regaling themselves in their own way, having a barrel or two of strong ale broached, and a great fire, where an ox was roasting whole, the very smell of the beef being a banquet to many a poor soul who seldom tastes flesh, unless it be the flesh of swine, and that in great lumps of fat, which they sometimes eat with bread and sometimes soak in hot milk, Providence having bestowed upon this class of people stomachs stronger than those of gentlefolk.



"In all times," saith Mr. Hilyard, "roast beef has been in great scarcity, inasmuch that in Homer the gods are represented as pleased by the fragrance or perfume of the roasting meat. And, if the very gods, how much more the common people?—A morsel of bread dipped in oil, and a fig or a bunch of grapes, made their only meal for the day. As for swine's flesh, that they never so much as tasted. When the Crusaders occupied the Holy Land (where they founded the Latin Kingdom, which they thought would last for ever), leprosy broke out among them, which they attributed to the eating of too much roasted pork. But I know not if that was indeed the case."

Certainly, to a Northumbrian nose, there is no smell more delicious than that of a piece of roasting beef, and these good fellows were sitting patiently about the fire until the ox should be cooked through. Some there were, it is true, who, miscalculating their strength of head, took so many pulls at Black Jack that they rolled over, and had to be carried into the kitchen and laid on the floor, so that they went suppers to bed. This was a pity, because his lordship did not give a roasted ox every day in the year, and to lose your share in a great feast is a dreadful thing for a poor man, and one thrown in his teeth all his life afterwards.

When Lord Derwentwater left his guests, which was early, because he never loved deep potations, he went outside to speak with his humble friends round the bonfire. They were at the moment engaged upon the beef, which was good but underdone, and in their best and most cheerful mood. He went among them shaking them by the hand, asking their names, kissing the young women, promising to call at their houses and farms, bidding the lads bustle about with the beer, promising to help them if he could be of any help, laughing at himself for understanding their speech slowly, and all with so hearty and easy a grace as to make the poor folk feel that truly a friend had come to them at last across the seas.

The housekeeper, good Mrs. Busby, who had waited for him day and night for twenty years, found beds for the ladies and for some of the gentlemen. But most of them slept where they fell, and in the morning, by dint of cold water poured upon the head, and small beer within, recovered their faculties before they rode away.

Before I went up the great staircase to bed, I looked into the hall. It was already very late—nearly eleven. The gentlemen were drinking still, and some of them were smoking pipes of tobacco, which men were very red in the face, and some had fallen asleep—their heads hanging downwards and very helpless and sad to see, or else lying back upon the chairs with open mouth like an idiot, or lying on the table upon their arms. Strong drink had stolen away their brains, and for twelve hours they would be senseless. Among those who slept in their chairs was none other than his Reverence, Mr. Robert Patten. A shameful spectacle! His great mouth was wide open, his head lying back, and some wag with a burnt cork had marked his upper lip and cheeks with the black moustachios and ferocious whiskers like those borne—I am told—by certain soldiers of a warlike nation called Heyducs. Why it is a venial thing for a layman, one who has, perhaps, ridden and hunted for a whole day, to be overcome with thirst and potency of drink; but for a clergyman, one whose thoughts should be set upon holy things and the mysteries of the Christian scheme—Faugh! the sight is sickening indeed. One may remember many evil things in the life of Mr. Patten, but few more disgraceful than his tipsy senselessness at Lord Derwentwater's return.

How different was Mr. Antony Hilyard! He was not drunk, nor, apparently, touched with wine. But his jolly red face was covered with smiles. On one side of him sat Colonel Radcliffe, who had forgotten his invisible enemy, and was now laughing and listening; on the other side was Charles Radcliffe, not drinking, but looking curiously around him and especially at the singer, as, with glorified face, bright eyes, and brandished glass, as if life was to him a dream of pure happiness without a care or a fear, he sang merrily—men are like children, tickled with a straw; but yet it is a catching air—his famous song:

I am a jolly Toper, I am a ragged Soph,  
Known by the Pimples in my face with taking Bumpers off;  
And a Topping we will go—we will go—we will go—  
And a Topping we will go.

(To be continued)



As with pet pug-dogs, so with the illustrations of Mr. Crawhall's "Chap Books," their ugliness was their greatest charm. They were ugly because it is the nature of chap-book pictures so to be. With his "London Cries, With Six Charming Children" (Field and Tuer, y<sup>e</sup> Leadenhalle Presse) the case is different. Of some of the coloured plates the subjects are quite comely; that strawberry girl a man would go three streets out of his way to get a smile from. And then there are the six dear little bairns as brown and innocent as if Bartolozzi himself were their author. These are from old stippled plates bearing the name, "Fuller, 1812, at the Temple of Fancy, Rathbone Place." Of the coloured prints, ten are Rowlandson's, from whom we learn that the secular feud between caddy and his fare was raging in the second decade of the century, and that a postman's office must have been one of great trust when he received the postage (often heavy) in hard cash, and did not give a receipt. Some of the remaining illustrations are by Cruikshank, others by Mr. Crawhall himself. Mr. A. Tuer contributes the text, and is able to immortalise a good many cries, such as "Young lambs to sell," which have escaped other compilers. We are sorry to hear the carving in Panyer Alley is getting sadly defaced.

In a very different style are the plates in Dr. Lortet's profusely illustrated "Syrie d'aujourd'hui" (Hachette)—a style which, with all due deference to Mr. Crawhall and to the *manes* of Rowlandson, we infinitely prefer. Dr. Lortet's travels extend over five years, from 1875 to 1880, and include the Archipelago as far as Metelin, the south coast of Lower Asia, Syria, and Palestine, and the Delta. He made some stay at Mersina, near Tarsus, close to which are the ruins of Pompeiopolis, with its beautiful Corinthian columns, and also some menhirs which he associates with "nos ancêtres d'Asie Mineure." He noted at that fever-nest, Alexandretta, that a very little draining would get rid of the stagnant water; but that very little won't be done, "tant que la race maudite et malfaisante des Turcs sera maîtresse de cette belle contrée." Mr. Gladstone ought to order a dozen copies of the book for distribution, for the author is even more thorough than he was with his "bag and baggage." He will not be satisfied till this "population nonchalante et abâtardie" is driven back into its ancestral wilds. For his engravings (of which there are nearly 400) Dr. Lortet has had the help of E. Flandrin, P. Langlois, H. Chapuis, A. Clément, and a score more of the best men in France; and the result is a splendid two-and-a-half guinea volume of 670 quarto pages, giving an exhaustive account of Syria and Palestine. He has a great deal to say about Damascus—the women's *kabbab* (patterns) and *sherger* (nose-jewel), the glorious interiors, the water-side *cafés*. The

terrible massacre in 1860 was, he says, begun by the Turkish army under the express orders of the Governor, Achmed Pasha. It was the *contracoup* of our Indian Mutiny. He regrets intensely that the French expedition, instead of occupying the town, halted a day's march off in the plain of Calesyria. The Turks, who know they will soon have to leave Constantinople, look on Damascus, the untainted city, as the future seat of their Government. We cannot pretend to have read the half of Dr. Lortet's book; but, wherever we have opened, we have found him full of interest, in the best style (and it is a very good one) of French *impressions de voyage*. We have looked in vain for any notice of Captain Conder; but the book sadly wants an index. Among the engravings none are better than Taylor's bridge on the Souk Barada, and his Northern end of the Dead Sea, and Ronjat's Dame de Beyrouth, and Daubigny's Jordan at the Ford of El-Helou; but nearly all those by Taylor are excellent—in the best style of American illustrated magazines. Dr. Lortet thinks that, as matter of course, France ought to have Syria.

Dialogues of the dead are a pleasant device for at once maintaining one's own views and gaining a reputation for impartiality. You make ostentatious efforts to hold the balance true, but, *nolens volens*, you are sure to let it down on one side or the other. Still, when well done, they are sure to be amusing, if the reader knows anything of the idiosyncracies of the personages introduced, and can judge how far the writer gives them fair play. Of Lord Westbury and Bishop Wilberforce, Lord Beaconsfield and Sir R. Peel, Sterne and Thackeray, and most of the other interlocutors in Mr. Traill's "New Lucian" (Chapman and Hall), everybody thinks he knows what they would say under given circumstances. And in general Mr. Traill makes them all say just what his reader feels is the right thing—an excellent way of putting the reader on good terms with the writer. We like Lord Westbury and the Bishop best of all the series, though the way in which Lord Palmerston turns the tables on Cobden is very clever. O'Connell, too, is admirably drawn. His boundless capacity for self-adulation; his confident jest at Isaac Butt's "field-days"; his misgivings as to whether national happiness will really come from those land-schemes, yet his determination to wish the Nationalists victory at any cost; his faith that "between those political hucksters, who will sell the unity of their Empire to defeat their rivals," victory is certain—all this is true to the life. Of course there is Traill in all the dialogues. Even Fontenelle does not get rid of his personality, while Landor (who, by the way, speaks to Plato unmistakable Landorish in the volume before us) never manages to drop it; he is always like a showman, passing from side to side, as this puppet or that has to be talked for. Sometimes Mr. Traill appears to have received a new revelation, as when Philippe Egalité charges the Count of Chambord with having been afraid to come forward in 1873—and the Count admits the charge!

Mr. W. Robinson is as bitter a foe to "bedding out" as any knight errant of old was to ogres and other miscreants. Having long kept up a desultory warfare in "The Garden," "The Wild Garden," &c., he now, in "The English Flower Garden" (Murray, London; Scribner, New York) makes a concentrated attack on the enemy, and it will be hard if, with the help of such brilliant allies as the Mariposa lily (brought to the front by the Colchester "New Plant Company"), the *Iris alata*, &c., he does not win a lasting victory, and save us from the eight months of brown earth to which the present system has enslaved us. Mr. Robinson gives (doubtless for the behoof of Bonanza kings and Wall Street millionaires) sketches of Clumber, Highclere, and other English gardens. He has an objection, in which we do not share, to terrace-walls. We say: Terraces at Trentham (not those hideous things which Sir C. Barry built at Shrublands); none at Pendell Court. Both are excellent in their way. Mr. Robinson figures Gilbert White's garden at Selborne, and Canon Kingsley's at Eversley. He might have given Alton Towers, a case of "making the desert smile;" and have added one instance of that quaintness of which Levens, in Westmoreland, is such a good example. We wish he had told us when the new plants were introduced, and had added a calendar, with the blooming-times of the chief of them.

Biographies are so many, so long, and often so dreary, that it is a relief to find that "A Naval Career During the Old War" (Sampson Low) only fills one thin volume, and yet contrives to give not only the life of Admiral John Markham, but also a pleasant sketch of his father, Head Master of Westminster School, afterwards Archbishop of York, with a glance at his grandfather the Irish major, who used to eke out his income by engrossing for the lawyers (the pay was probably better then) and by painting fan mounts, which he sold in disguise in the London streets. The Admiral's early life, his marriage with Miss Rice of Dynevor, his help in the blockade of Brest under that terrible martinet Lord St. Vincent, and his subsequent Admiralty service make an interesting story, and there are, we are thankful to say, few or no letters.

"Pennant's Tours in Wales" (Humphreys, Caernarvon) has long been a standard book. There is a vast amount of folk-lore, antiquarian (as opposed to its modern supplanter archæological) learning, genealogical information, &c., in both text and notes. The appendix contains a very fair sketch of Welsh history, and (besides the explanation of many Welsh words) a curious account of the copper works in the Parys mountain, and the much more curious letter of instructions given by Sir John Wynne of Gwedir to his chaplain, John Price (1604). He is to keep mostly in the lower part of the house, and inform Sir John of any misorder there; he is to command the baylyf of industry and the porter; at dinner he is to sit up above the children, if there be not greater strangers, but "when the table from half downwards is taken up he is to rise and walk in the alleys near at hand till grace time." This letter Pennant well describes as an "odd mixture of insolence and piety." One need not be a Welshman to be interested in "The Five Royal Tribes of Cambria, and the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales," here reprinted from Pennant's "History of Whiteford and Holywell." The present edition, in three handsome volumes, is a great credit to Welsh typography and to the enterprise of the publisher. He has been very fortunate in securing for his editor Mr. Rhys, the Oxford Celtic Professor, who could not touch such a work without adding value to it.

In "The Land Laws" (Macmillan) Mr. F. Pollock adds an important instalment to the "Citizen Series." Now that these laws are for many people their *delenda est Carthago*, it becomes sober-minded folks to know what they really are. If, as Mr. Pollock says, an Englishman has, strictly speaking, no right on the public road except to pass from place to place, nor indeed anywhere in the island, except possibly on the foreshore, we cannot help fancying a change is needed. Every one of her subjects ought (we take it) to feel a sense of ownership in the Queen's highway. Mr. Pollock says nothing about the Scotch or Irish land system, except to remark that, while in England feudalism was deeply modified, in Scotland it grew to full development with little interference, and is still preserved in great purity in Scottish law. Land reformers should be warned that legal changes have often done just the opposite of what they were meant to do; witness that Statute of Uses, by which Henry VIII. intended to compel notoriety and simplicity in land transfer, and which, by the ingenuity of two or three lawyers of the Commonwealth and Restoration, has become the chief instrument of secrecy and complication. To it our method of strict settlement is due—a result certainly not contemplated by those who passed it. Mr. Pollock is great on our old customary laws, and shows clearly that, long before the Conquest, England had, owing

chiefly to the need of protection from Danes, become a land of great estates. The great men were no longer first among equals, they were rulers over inferiors. Primogeniture and gavelkind had a tougher fight than we imagine; the former was at first confined to military tenures, and the contest between the two was still undecided in the thirteenth century. It is strange that till 1875 there seems to have been absolutely nothing done in England towards recognising farmers' claims to improvements; a tenant might always remove fixtures set up for trade, "but the judges, with unfortunate timidity, would never extend the principle to the tenant farmer." Mr. Pollock thinks settlements, by keeping capital out of the land, injure the commonwealth; he has some strong remarks on the anomaly of large parts of London being so possessed by noble landlords "that they may forbid any given kind of building or any given kind of business."

Charles Martel's "Military Italy" (Macmillan) gives a careful account of recent army reforms, of the numerical strength, character, training, and tactics of the army, of the railways, fortresses, &c. This is prefaced by a brief sketch of the Italy of to-day, which (thinks the author) has made such a remarkable advance in the last ten years. He meets the charge, so constantly brought forward in foreign newspapers, that Italy is spending too much on its army and navy, with the retort: Italy knows its own business best. He has no love for "Francia scelerata e nera," as Leopardi calls it, with its charlatan clappings; and he says that if some strong man should arise in France and make common cause with Ultramontanism, it would go hard with the Triple Alliance. Hence the importance of the north-west frontier, into the defence of which he enters at length in his closing chapters.



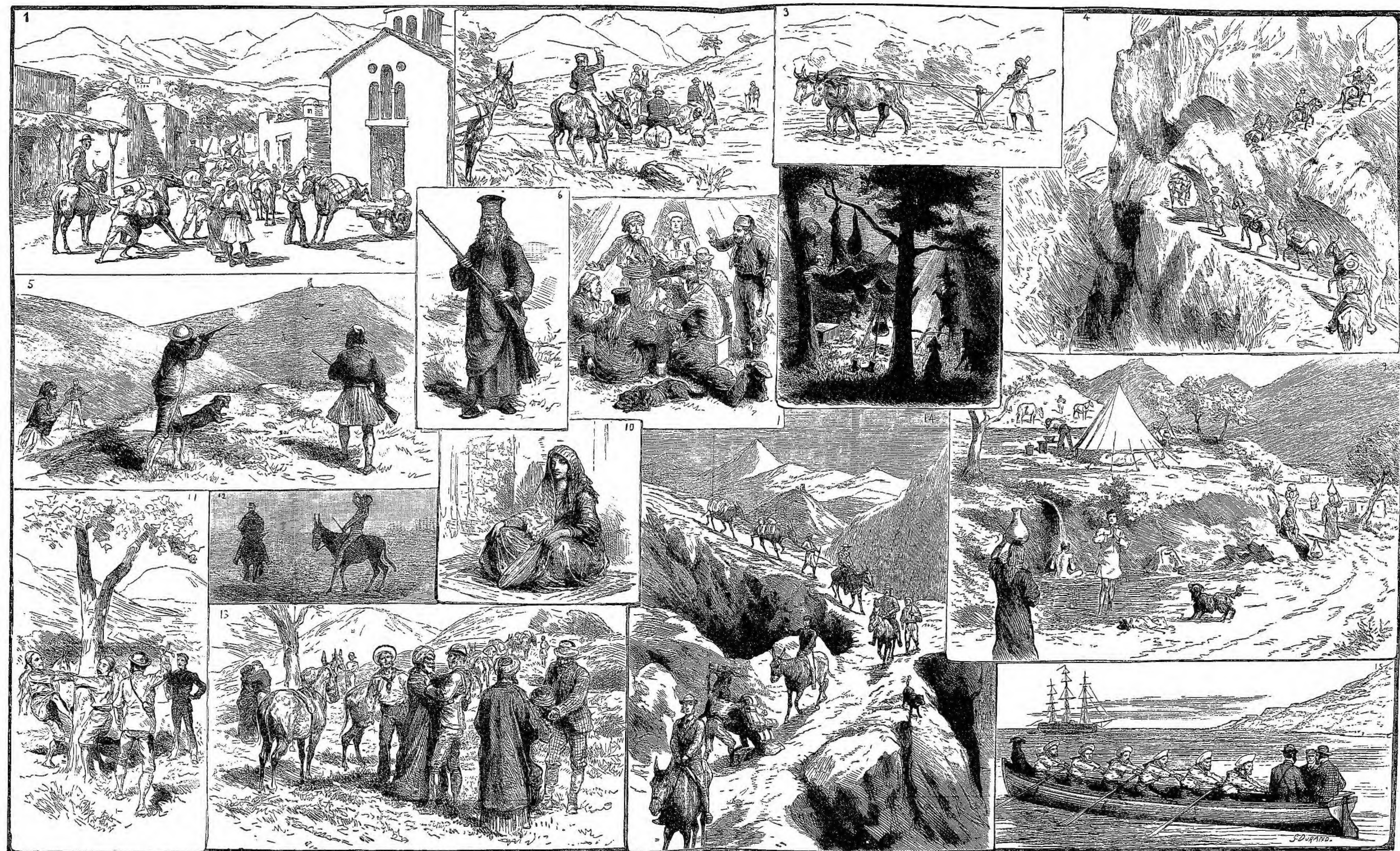
"SWEET MACE: A SUSSEX LEGEND OF THE IRON TIMES" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall) must be reckoned among Mr. G. Manville Fenn's very best novels. His thorough-going delight in romantic adventure finds ample and privileged ground in a remote corner of still but half-familiar Sussex two centuries and a half ago, when witchcraft flourished, and when the novelist may make for himself all the probabilities he needs. With uncompromising incident "Sweet Mace," despite its sentimental title, overflows.

Explosions of gunpowder, furious fights, love-potions, witch-burnings, are but a few of the details in a story with a sort of smuggler-buccaneer for its hero. Love, as is right in a romance, supplies the central interest; and is of the fine old heroic mould which dares all things, and is bound to end either in literal death or victory. The "iron age" of Sussex forms a strikingly picturesque background, and the representative iron-founder, Jeremiah Cobbe, has claims to be considered an original piece of portraiture—he is certainly an exceedingly effective one. But the novel does not wholly consist of action. Mr. Fenn has few equals, if any, in the faithful reproduction of nature, whether in large or in small—he has hitherto been too sparing of this gift in his works of fiction, but in "Sweet Mace" he has indulged it generously. Indeed several passages of picturesque description will, we are sure, be turned to again with fresh pleasure, and for their own sakes, by all to whom a bird, or a flower, or any "bit" of nature has any sort of real meaning. There is but little attempt at the development of character—all the *dramatis personæ* are labelled very distinctly, and play their several rôles with refreshing consistency, as well as with never failing spirit. The novel is written solely to excite and to please, by means of the simplest and straightest means; and it can hardly fail to succeed in its purpose, so long as it meets with tastes equally healthy and unspoiled.

"A Late Remorse: a Novel," by Frank Lee Benedict (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is anything but an improvement upon "St. Simon's Niece" and the many other favourably-known works of its author. Indeed the novel cannot avoid the charge of being mere manufacture; for an able author would certainly not have put up with so exceedingly feeble and purposeless a plot, unless he imagined himself under some obligation to add to the number of new novels without respect to quality. He has fallen back upon the not very attractive or original contrivance of setting a group of utterly uninteresting villains, male and female, to part, for equally uninteresting reasons, a pair of true but otherwise colourless lovers. By rather conventional and clumsy devices they succeed for a time, but fail in the end, and leave the reader to wonder why Mr. Benedict should have given so many characters so much needless trouble. All his portraits, if such they can be called, are coarsely and roughly drawn, and there is something disagreeable in a display of passions so undiluted as to be inconsistent with human nature. The villainous characters are less men and women than gross types of wickedness—that is to say, monsters, whose antics are less interesting than repulsive. Nevertheless, apart from the characters, the story does convey interest of a sort, since the reader cannot avoid desiring to know what is going to happen next, so that the consciousness of disappointment is at any rate postponed till very nearly the close. Crude and unpleasant as is "A Late Remorse," it thus cannot be charged with the one wholly unpardonable fault of dullness. If it contained a single sympathetic touch, or one dramatic study—and Mr. Benedict has shown himself capable of both—the rest of the work, with all its defects, might be rated decidedly above the average. Without either, it can only be classed among those novels which have no discoverable reason for existing beyond the supposed law that stories must be written, whether worth writing or no.

Surely novelists have some duties towards the children whom they call into being; and Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, in "Gladys Fane," a story of two lives (2 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), has forgotten them cruelly. A girl whom nature intended for every sort of happiness is persecuted and driven from home by a detestable stepmother, and falls in love with a hero of the strong and silent sort, only to find that a bar exists between them in the person of a wife, insane and invisible, but alive. Happily, however, it turns out that the supposed living wife was only the really dead wife's twin sister, and nothing is needful but to let the curtain down to the music of wedding bells. Why, then, should Mr. Reid go out of his way to add three unnecessary pages, in order to kill his hero while saving Gladys from flames that had no business in the book at all? An author who proves himself so completely unacquainted with the paramount condition of tragedy, that it shall either be or seem inevitable, shows himself, as might be expected, but little of an artist in the conduct of his story generally. The entire account of the election, as being uninteresting in itself and unnecessary for anything that follows, might be struck out with great advantage, and the stepmother's share in the introductory matter might have been so dealt with as to compress the novel, to its great improvement, within the limits of a single volume. Indeed the plot is altogether too thin, and the characters too stagey, to be effective beyond the limits of a short tale. So treated, it would have served very well; for the portrait of Gladys, taken by itself, is worth painting with a few sharp strokes as that of a girl lovable in spite of many faults and follies, or rather because of them. The other characters are either very wooden, or else never develop beyond the condition of shadows with names.





1. AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY WITH THE MULES WE EFFECT A START FROM SUDA BAY.—2. CROSSING THE RIVER PLATANOS.—3. A CRETAN PLOUGH—PLAIN OF ALIKIANU.—4. EXCELSIOR—A RAVINE IN WHICH 600 TURKISH SOLDIERS AND MULES WERE SNOWED UP AND PERISHED DURING THE INSURRECTION OF 1866.—5. GETTING A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES FOR BREAKFAST.—6. THE SPORTING PRIEST, PAPA MANUEL.—7. ASTONISHING THE NATIVES AFTER DINNER WITH A LITTLE CONJURING.—8. HOW OUR BRACE OF BIRDS DISAPPEARED.—9. OUR MORNING BATH—WE FIND WE HAVE CHOSEN THE SPOT WHERE THE WOMEN OF THE VILLAGE GET THEIR WATER.—10. A CRETAN MUSICIAN.—11. PUNISHING OUR MULE BOYS.—12. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE THICK MIST ON THE MOUNTAINS.—13. THE CHIEFS TAKE AN AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL OF US, WHILE ONE OF THE YOUNGEST OF OUR PARTY DOES THE SAME WITH A CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.—14. DOWN HILL.—15. RETURNING ON BOARD.

# A FIVE DAYS' TOUR AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF CRETE



## THE PROVERBIAL SCHOOLBOY

FEW things, I fancy, can be more irritating to one's personal pride than to be suddenly and unexpectedly met with the remark, "Why, my dear sir! every schoolboy knows that!"

You have been telling your dear friend of some course of study, to which you have most closely devoted your spare time and best energies for several weeks past, until you had, with much toil and painstaking, arrived at some definite conclusions which you fondly imagined were altogether novel and original. You fancy yourself a discoverer or inventor; and that you have evolved, out of your consciousness, something that is decidedly new; and when you next meet your dear friend, and favour him with a narrative of your mental labour and the remarkable offspring to which it has given birth, he chills and disappoints you, by looking upon it as nothing better than a ridiculous mouse; and he dismisses the discovery of the alleged novelty with the captious criticism, "Every schoolboy knows that!"

How could every schoolboy know it—you angrily ask yourself—when you yourself did not know it a few weeks since, and only gained the knowledge after much patient thought and reflection? You are disgusted with your friend; and, in your heart of hearts, believe him to be assuming an opinion solely for the purpose of wounding your vanity. You tell yourself that you do not like to be "sat upon" after this fashion, and are perfectly certain that when your dear friend speaks of the "schoolboy" he speaks of a myth. If you had ventured upon some well-known matter, and had solemnly confided to him, as a piece of news, that Queen Anne was defunct, then he might have turned indignantly upon you, and have trotted out the proverbial schoolboy as a paragon of knowledge, and the admirable Crichton of modern society.

However, you repress your repartees, and bottle up your concentrated essence of recriminatory reply for future use; and you murmur, with the persecuted hero of melodrama, "No matter—*r-r-r*! the time will come." And it does come. You have put your thoughts into words, and your words into a book, and the book has got itself published, though not without difficulty; and, after waiting anxiously for some laudatory notice in the reviews, you are at length put out of your misery by being plunged into fresh trouble. For the unknown and unseen critic of the *Monday Scavenger* dismisses you to obscurity with the withering observation, "The writer of this compilation might have employed his time more usefully than by marshalling facts and commenting on events with which every schoolboy is acquainted."

But is the proverbial schoolboy anything more than a mere metaphor and figure of speech? Does he really know as much as is attributed to him? He is familiar with a great many things, it is true; and, in this high-pressure age of competitive examinations, he has to acquaint himself not only with *omnibus rebus*, but also with *quibusdam aliis*. Cramming is needful to achieve the desired end; though cramming cannot do everything; and the schoolboy not seldom goes astray, when he is commanded to march through an examination, and wanders from the proper path in a highly ridiculous way.

Even our agricultural friends are now expected to know as many things as have previously been attributed to the proverbial schoolboy in a higher rank of life; and the standard of the Government requirements has been raised to a height that seems to be very far above the head of the average Clod. When Her Majesty's Inspector pays his annual visit to the small village "mixed" school of Dozeleigh-cum-Leathy, he puzzles the pupils in standards five and six with questions, which, it is evident he supposes, ought to be correctly answered by the proverbial schoolboy; but which elicit replies that show a curious jumble of ideas, a partial glimmering of the truth, or an utter absence of all knowledge of the subject.

Within my own experience, an Inspector was examining twenty-six boys and girls in the school of a small country village; and he was mentally torturing a young bird-scarer of the age of eleven by calling upon him to explain the meanings and allusions of various expressions in Gray's "Elegy," especially the "living lyre" and "animated bust." To the former, the reply was, "A live person who tells lies;" and, to the latter was given this extraordinary answer, "Something you ride in that goes very fast!" The Inspector, very naturally, could not make anything of this reply; and, probably, the shade of Gray himself could not have assisted him: but I was able to guess at the truth; and I found that my surmise was correct. A nobleman, who lived in the village, had a private omnibus, familiarly known as "the Bus," which, drawn by a quick-stepping pair of horses, was often seen to be driven rapidly down the village street, on its way to the nearest railway station; and the memory of this machine was recalled to the little "village Hampden," and helped him to the interpretation of the "animated bust." But the story has a sad moral; for, the Inspector ruthlessly declined to pass him in that particular R because he had failed properly to explain the "meanings and allusions;" and, therefore, according to the working of the Draconian Code, the poor lad, although he was a fluent reader, was put down as having altogether failed in "Reading"—thereby losing that share of the monetary grant to the school.

But why should the proverbial schoolboy, when he happens to be a "mild Arcadian ever blooming," be expected to give to the learned gentleman, who has swooped upon him from a London office, an intelligent criticism on an English classic, before he is permitted to return to his bird-scaring or work at the plough-tail, or those congenial tatures and turmits that it behoves him to cultivate in preference to the "Elegy" of Gray? And, even in a higher class of education, it seems somewhat of an absurdity to endeavour to squeeze out a little poetry from the most prosaic minds. The present Lord Sherbrooke had much to do with the Education Code, and had great personal experience to guide his judgment in that matter. I wonder if he remembered an incident that occurred in his own career, when he and Lord Chancellor Selborne were school-fellows at Winchester. The boys were required to write a poem in English verse on the subject of "The Hebrides." Now, it is not the vocation of every one to be a poet—we remember what the Latin proverb says upon that point; but still, the task had to be done; so a certain boy looked up the Hebrides in the "Gazetteer," and by its aid began his poem with this couplet:—

There are some islands in the northern seas—  
At least I've heard so—call'd the Hebrides.

Then he further consulted the "Gazetteer," and found that there was a lack of foliage in the islands: so he pursued his subject thus:—

The people there have not got any wood;  
Therefore they can't build ships.

There the prosaic affluat failed him, and he paused. Robert Lowe filled up the line for him with the words, "but wished they could." That schoolboy ought to have duly proceeded to college and have carried off the prize poem in English verse.

His opening lines remind me of Thackeray's early burlesque on Tennyson. In 1829 Thackeray was not only a fellow-undergraduate with Tennyson, at Trinity College, Cambridge, but he had assisted in starting a magazine called *The Snob*—a word that he was afterwards to turn to such valuable account in the pages of *Punch*. But it was expressly stated in its title that the new periodical was "Not written by members of the University." The prize poem for that year was gained by Tennyson, and contained some very striking and original lines, although its subject was not very promising; for it was "Timbuctoo." Thackeray burlesqued the

prize poem in *The Snob*, and these were the first two couplets:—

In Africa—a quarter of the world—  
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd;  
And, somewhere there, remote from public view,  
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

At the Conference of School Managers and Teachers held at Peterborough January 27, 1883, Mr. Varnon enlivened the meeting with some anecdotes from his own experience. In his endeavours to elicit the young idea, and to make it shoot in the way required by the Committee of Council on Education, he asked a youthful rustic where sugar and tea came from, and received for answer, "The shop." "Where do coals come from?"—"The station." "Where do slates come from?"—"The tops of houses." "Is there any tree that is larger than this apple-tree?"—"Yes, sir; please, sir; there's the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

The proverbial schoolboy is thought to know everything; and he often knows a great deal that is highly original, and that is known by no one else. Those replies to Mr. Varnon's questions may be paralleled by various other examples that are equally founded upon fact. The Inspector who objected to children being taught to read from books in which are such sentences as "Is a cat a rat? A fat cat sits on a sod and nods at me!" was pleased to give a lesson on kindness to animals, and the effort at writing an essay on the cat resulted in this:—"Every one has heard of *Whittington and his Cat*. It was at the Theatre Royal." While the essay on the horse was this:—"The horse is useful to take men towards and away from the enemy." By the way, according to Mr. Mundella, when a child was asked by an Inspector to define "a steed," and the answer was "a horse," he was told that he was wrong; and that a steed was "a horse in motion." Perhaps the proverbial schoolboy was not aware of that!

When asked at Preston to explain Pope's line, "Content to breathe his native air," the schoolboy defined "native air" as "the air of his own head." At Chester, being asked to state the reasons that made Magna Charta necessary, he replied, somewhat incoherently, "The increasing deposition of succeeding Kings." In Sussex, being asked to give an explanation of constant and periodical winds, he answered, "Hurricanes, gales, tempests, and a zephyr." At Westminster, being requested to paraphrase Macbeth's "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" he did so by writing, "Doctor, can you fulfil the duties of your profession in curing a woman who is distracted?" Being asked, "Where is Turin?" he wrote, "Tureen is the Capitoll of Chiner; the ppeople there lives in burds nestes, and has long tales."

The proverbial schoolboy might be able to answer the most puzzling questions given to him by his examiner; but the real schoolboy will often, in his replies, travel beyond the region of facts, and boldly plunge into a sea of speculation. Three instances shall suffice in reference to Scripture knowledge; and they are all said to have been written by Metropolitan School Board pupils in answer to questions put to them by Government Inspectors. "Who was Moses?"—He was an Egypasian. He lived in a hark maid of bullrushers, and he kept a golden carf and worshipt braizen snakes and he het nothin but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was koryt by the air of his ed while ridin under a bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace." "What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?"—He was the father of Lot and had tew wives. Wun was call'd Hismale and tother Haygur. He kep wun at home and he hurried the tother into the dessert where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite." "Write an account of the Good Samaritan."—A certing man went down from jerslam to jerriker and he feld among thawns and the thawns sprang up and choaked him: wareupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said tak care on him and put him on his hone hass. And he past bye on the hother side."

My remaining examples are culled from the Blue Book of 928 pages, issued by the Government Council of Education a few years since, and they are therefore to be accepted as authentic. I need not take up space by giving the questions to which the following replies were given. "Solar time is the time indicated by the moon." "The equator is an imaginary (?) which passes through the centre of the earth and terminates both ways." "The heavens that we see are hollow; plain inference is that they inclose a sphere." "The sun has an annual motion up and down." "Eclipses of the sun and moon are partial from the speed at which the bodies are going." "Solar eclipses are annular because of the regular and uniform motion of the moon, and when the earth's motion is regular to correspond with it." "The rotundity of the earth is its movement." "The proof of its rotundity is vegetation, how some trees are slanting in different parts of the world; again, when riding in a train, trees, &c., appearing to go in a contrary direction to yourself is a convincing proof that the earth is round." "Watch closely the heavenly bodies and we find a belt of pale light nearly dividing the heavens into two parts; the stars are more numerous in this part; reason—the earth bulges out."

These answers were given by the more advanced pupils; and—on the testimony of Mr. Mundella—such questions as these were given by Her Majesty's Inspectors to small children in Standard IV. "What is the use of fireflies?" "What is the character of the despotism by which India is governed?" If any answers were made to these questions, they have not been recorded. But—to wind up this paper—here is a question, with its answer, taken from the report of the Rev. G. Steele, at Preston. "Describe the state of England under the Heptarchy." "People had three meals a day, breakfast, dinner, and supper. They retired to rest in a state of nudity, and laid on a bed of straw. The Saxons were eminently social. When they drank, they would put their tumblers together, very often accompanying it with a kiss, and tell of great exploits of going to the theatres or to see the dancing bears."

Here are a few things that would not be known even by the proverbial schoolboy!

CUTHBERT BEDE



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—"The Brocade Gown," words by Sydney Lever, music by Charles Marshall, is a song that will please at all times and seasons; being published in but one key a mezzo-soprano may sing it without fear of duplicates.—"Crowning the Seasons" is cheerful and singable for concert or drawing-room, written and composed by Hugh Conway and Joseph L. Roeckel; compass from D below the lines to F on the fifth line.—A pretty love ditty with a happy ending is "Children's Vows," written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—"You Say" is a gentle reproof from a maiden to her jealous lover, the words by Courvoisier de Courcelles, music by C. I. Speer, for a soprano voice.—Two pieces for the pianoforte by Michael Watson suitable for drawing-room execution are "Ninon," an impromptu, and "Measure," after the antique, very well imitated. A note informs us that: "The Measure was a slow and statlie dance, in construction similar to the Minuet; it was formerly performed at Court, and at the public entertainments of the Societies of Law and Equity, at their balls on

particular occasions."—Of the same easy type as the above is "Message Bienvenu," by Louis H. Meyer.

WILLIAM CZERNY.—"Cast Off All Sorrow" is a very philosophical song, the burden of which is—"if one love should fail there are plenty in store;" the cheerful words by Oliver Brand are wedded to appropriate music by P. von Tugginer, compass from C sharp below the lines to F on the fifth line.—By the same *collaborateurs* is "Fair Rosalie," a simple song for the schoolroom, published in E flat and in C.—A short and sweet piece for the pianoforte—it only occupies two pages—is "Romance," by Berthold Tours, arranged by Oscar Wagner in an easy form, who has also arranged, at greater length, a popular "Barcarole" by the same composer.—The third and prettiest of this group is "Flitterwochen" ("Honeymoon"), a melodious "Allegretto alla Gavotte" for the pianoforte, by Oscar Wagner.—"Four Favourite Pieces," arranged for the organ by J. Pitts, are easy enough for quite beginners; they are: No. 1, "Amy's Little Song," by O. Beringer; No. 2, "Gavotte in D," by the same composer; No. 3, "Intermezzo," by Berthold Tours; No. 4, "Queen Mary's Butterfly Dance," by G. F. Kendall.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A bright and appropriate two-part song for female voices at this season of the year is "Spring Song," written and composed by F. K. Hattersley and George J. Bennett; this composition may be highly recommended for schools, as its words are suitable for young ladies in their teens.—By the same composer is a very pretty ballad, words by Lord Lytton, "When Stars Are In the Quiet Sky;" it is written for a contralto, and published in one key only, hence it is worth the amount of study needful to sing it well.—A pathetic and very pleasing ballad of medium compass is "When the Meadow Grass Was Sweet," written and composed by Mary E. Fendall and William Harold.—Our children of the nineteenth century are well-provided with music suitable for their capacities. "Sing Song, Twenty-seven Rhymes," selected from the volume by Christina Rossetti, set to music by Mary Carmichael, is a very charming little collection, which will soon be a prime favourite in the nursery and schoolroom; the cover is ingeniously illustrated with small sketches of the various subjects of the songs contained within.—Three pianoforte pieces of more than ordinary merit are: "Bourrée Nouvelle," by Walter Macfarren; a "Nocturne," by Franz Leideritz, the most difficult of the group, but it well deserves careful study; "A Cradle Song" for the pianoforte, by G. B. Bennett, is a very graceful composition.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.—Although the strong interest recently felt by the public in everything that concerned Martin Luther has somewhat subsided, there is still, and ever will be, a certain interest attached to the works of the Great Reformer. "The Hymns of Martin Luther," set to their original melodies, with an English version edited by Leonard W. Bacon and Nathan B. Allen, has recently been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in a complete and highly creditable manner; no library, musical or otherwise, should be without this well-arranged volume. The table of contents is carefully got up with dates and a variety of particulars in a concise form. An introduction by the editor, and four prefaces to his various works by Luther himself, are full of information and interest. This volume contains some unknown works by Luther, as well as those few with which we are all familiar.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

It is seldom that a volume of occasional verse shows so much genuine poetic feeling combined with so much technical skill as does "The Angel with the Censer, and Other Poems," by B. M. Gronow (Remington). A deeply religious tone runs through the poems; but there is no suspicion of mawkishness or false sentiment, and all are eminently musical. The piece which names the volume is pretty and touching; and "Our Brethren at Sea" is that rarest of all good things—a good and manly hymn; but the best of all is "Nightfall." We shall hope to meet with this author again.

"The Warden's Tale, San Moritz, The Magdalene, and Other Poems, New and Old," by Mr. Bloomfield Moore (Remington), is a new and handsome edition of a work which will be familiar to many lovers of sacred verse. The former issue was, it appears, finally destroyed by fire at the publishing office of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. There is a quaintness combined with pleasant fancy in "Blossoms and Thorns" and "Gondaline's Lesson;" "Grief, Conscience, and Faith" and "The Web of Life" are also very good; and altogether this is an unusually good book of its kind.

A handsome edition of the "Sonnets of William Wordsworth" is issued by Messrs. Suttaby and Co. It has the advantage, by way of preface, of an essay on the history of the English sonnet by the present Archbishop of Dublin.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. publish "Selections from Cowper's Poems," with a bright and appreciative introduction by Mrs. Oliphant. We feel inclined, however, to take exception to one of that gifted lady's statements on page 21. In opposition to her rather sweeping assertion, we would merely cite such universally popular hymns as "Hark, my Soul," and "Oh, for a closer walk."

From Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. we have received a new and prettily illustrated edition of "Lucille," by Owen Meredith, in their Parchment Library, the twelfth volume of Shakespeare's works, containing *Pericles* and the Poems, and a charming collection of "English Lyrics," ranging from Sir Thomas Wyatt down to our own times; also "Old World Idylls, and Other Poems," by Austin Dobson, which, with a few exceptions, consists of the contents of "Vignettes in Rhyme" and "Proverbs in Porcelain," both of which have been for some time out of print.

There is nothing that can be honestly said in commendation of "Poems: General, Secular, and Satirical," by "Lara" (W. Stewart). Attacks upon Religion and the Throne, in rather more than questionable verse, would be objectionable, even if they were clever—which these diatribes are not.

Neither is there anything very striking in "Bouquet," by William Bayley (Bayleys), a collection of fairly mediocre translations from the Greek Anthology, Horace, Tasso, and others. In a note at page 37, the translator, moved apparently by the exigencies of rhythm, puts forward an *ad misericordiam* appeal for the pronunciation of Persephone as if it rhymed to "telephone."

"Ballads of the Cid," by the Rev. Gerrard Lewis (Sampson Low), is the conscientious and fairly meritorious work of one who undertook a task which could hardly have been other than a failure. It is impossible not to feel how weak are these ballads as compared with those of Lockhart; a notable instance may be found in "The Cid's Wedding."

A very good collection is "Poems for Recitation," by Clement Scott (Samuel French). In a convenient little shilling pamphlet are embodied some of the most effective pieces by this talented writer, many of which originally appeared in the pages of *Punch*. We would draw the special attention of reciters to that terrible and powerful poem, "The Doctor's Dream."

A most welcome volume of verse, above the average, is "Love and Music," by Percy Reeve (David Bogue). There is a true vein of melody running through the volume, and the author has obviously studied good models. "Ghismond and Guiscard" has great merit; "A Ballade of Mayfair" is clever—though we do not greatly care for such *tours de force*; there is fair satire in the musical dialogue; but best of all is "Prevision," which is almost worthy of Prior.



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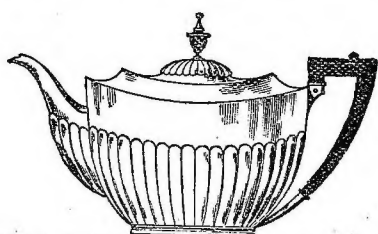
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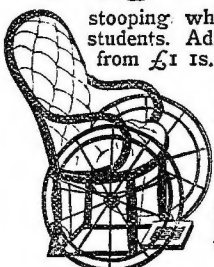
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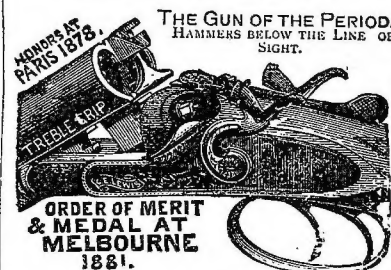
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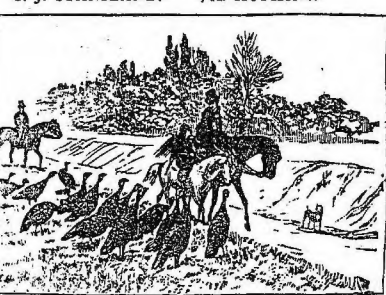
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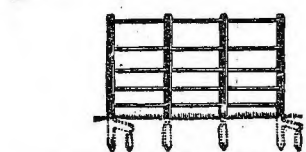
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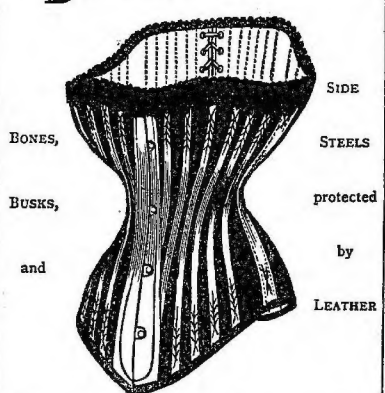
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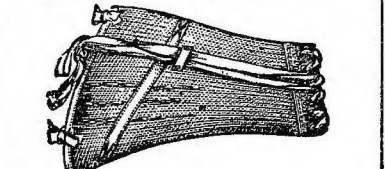


The Queen, November 17, says:—"There is nothing like leather, and the novel idea of covering with kid those parts which wear out first, seems a most practical idea. The DERMATHISTICS are shapely, neatly sewn, and the leather adds but little to their weight."

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"Nothing can be better. The Swanbill silk elastic belt is a real comfort."—Court Journal. "The Swanbill Belt I recommend to all young mothers, for nothing tends to age a woman so much as the loss of symmetry of figure. By attention a woman may almost retain her natural maiden form, even though the mother of a large family."—Madame Schild's Journal. Send size of waist, with P.O.O., on Burlington House, Piccadilly.

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**TO FAT PERSONS.**—A gentleman who can personally vouch for the efficacy of a REMEDY (doctor's prescription) which will rapidly REDUCE CORPULENCY in either sex without semi-starvation dietary, exercise, &c., quite harmless, will send Recipe on receipt of stamped address. Mr. F. RUSSELL, 15, Gower Street, London, W.C.

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Preserves the Hands, the Skin, the Lips, preventing Chaps and roughness, removing traces of exposure to inclement cold and sea air, smooths the surface, whitens, renders supple, and imparts healthy tint to the skin, frees without injuring the pores, is most pleasant to use, quite colourless, and not greasy. Highly serviceable in cases where the skin is abraded. Excellent for cracked lips, tetter, and sore lips. Vegetable, not mineral, agreeable in perfume. In bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s.

"Her teeth were pure as virgin ivory." **ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINCTURE, or LIQUID DENTIFRICE.**

The best and most preparation for the Teeth and Gums, is confidently recommended. While whitening the Teeth, it preserves the Enamel, hardens the Gums, improves their colour, cleanses and fixes the Teeth, and counteracts decay. Disguises tobacco odour, and sweetens the breath. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d.

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For Deranged Liver, Indigestion, and Constipation. This valuable remedy removes Headache, Nausea, and biliousness. Acts healthfully, gives tone to the stomach, dissipates dullness, giddiness, and prostration. There is no equal remedy as BERBERINE for Colic or Aching in the Loins and Kidneys. It is admittedly unrivalled, and all who suffer from any of these distressing ailments will do well to employ this avowed remedy. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

"Its fragrance and cleansing powers were seen." **DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT SOAP.**

THE NEW TOILET REQUISITE. Is unquestionably the Soap of the Day. It owns nothing superior, being practically perfect in purity and strength, to thoroughly cleanse the skin, while free from soda. Lathers instantaneously, is perfectly soluble, luxurious in washing or shaving. A single trial convinces. DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT SOAP maintains the skin's natural complexion, while benefiting it, while its emollient properties are undoubted. In boxes, 1s. and 2s. 6d., containing three cakes each.

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THE APPROVED REMEDY FOR Curing Coughs, Catarrhs, and similar ailments. Miss Melville, 40, Upper Mansell Street, Swansea, writes to Messrs. Leath and Ross:—"My niece for the past five years has suffered from Hay Fever, and could not get anything to relieve it until she heard of your GLYKALINE. It has done her much good. Hers was a stubborn case. I send this in common justice that others may find the benefit from GLYKALINE." Of this approved remedy for diseases of the respiratory tract, the best and speediest specific for coughs, colds, catarrh, asthma, influenza, another correspondent (Mrs. Bruce, Leasrath, Rosere) says:—"It acted almost miraculously with me. In a bad case of bronchitis I used it only three times, and was perfectly cured." GLYKALINE effectually relieves disorders of the mucous membrane, so prevalent at this season, and relieves the breathing. For Coughs and Colds this remedy is unsurpassed. "Talon Rouge," writing in Vanity Fair, under date March 17, 1877, says:—"This medicine has the valuable property of CURING cold in the head. The discoverer ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with the feeling of general depression, the certain precursor of a catarrh. I sped to the nearest chemist's, found the longest-acted remedy, and before the hour was over I was cured. It is called GLYKALINE. This independent contributor to Vanity Fair testifies that THREE DROPS OF GLYKALINE taken at intervals of an hour will cure the most obstinate cold. He bears witness in his letter to the healing properties of this remarkable specific, sure and prompt to relieve the sufferer. GLYKALINE is sold in bottles, 1s. 1/4d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 6d. Full directions with each bottle. Sold by all Chemists."

"Balmly sleep gave her repose." **NEURALINE.**

THE APPROVED SPECIFIC. Cures Toothache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains. It is reliable for Rheumatism, Gout, and Sciatica, and invaluable for Face-Ache. Often acts instantaneously, giving freedom from pain and enduring relief, however intense has been the attack. NEURALINE is sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 6d. Full directions with each bottle. Sold by all Chemists.

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THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR. Nourishes and improves it, arrests decay and weakness, stimulates the growth, and eradicates prejudicial influences while strengthening the fibre. Not being a dye, this new OIL is easily applied, being merely required to be brushed well into the roots. Confidently recommended by purchasers and correspondents. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 6d.

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A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. Rapidly applied, speedily hardens, completely protects the exposed nerve, gives perfect security and ease, causes no inconvenience, and aids mastication. It is of simple application. This valuable preparation, attested by many users, is sold in bottles, 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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This Specific has extraordinary claims upon the reader's attention. It may be honestly said to resuscitate and renew the failing system, as it removes Lassitude, Headache, Sleeplessness, while soothing the disturbed temper, strengthening the memory, equalising the spirits, and correcting the ravages made by Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression. All who suffer from Exhaustion and Brain-weakness may rely on deriving relief from this peculiarly powerful restorative. Directions with each bottle, 1s. 1/4d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 6d.

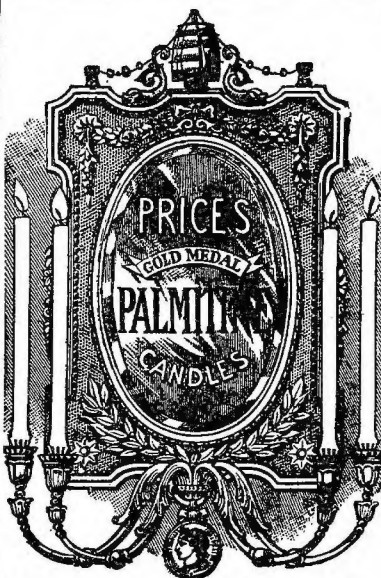
"Insidious, undermining foes, begone!" **WORM POWDERS.**

Specially prepared from *Chenopodium Anthelminticum*. Suitable for both Adults and Children. Most effective in expelling Worms, especially the small kinds. Parents should remember that the injurious effects caused by Worms are very serious, not only to the physical system of children, but to their mental development, as the balance of Nature is constantly interfered with by the irritation of parts. These WORM POWDERS remove Intestinal Worms of large size, and give speedy relief. With directions, price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., post free.

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